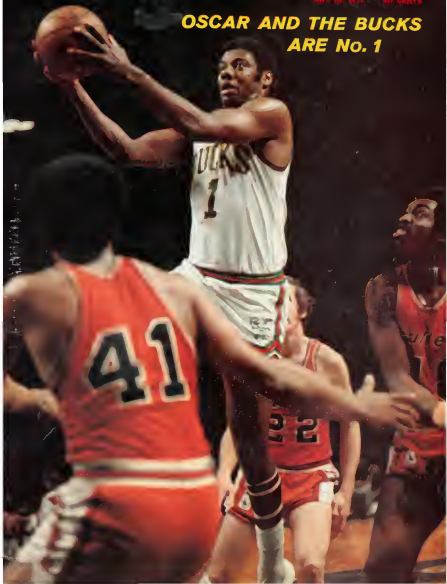


Sports Illustrated

MAY 10, 1971 60 CENTS

**OSCAR AND THE BUCKS
ARE No. 1**





Unless you were born into it, a Porsche was always something that came with success.

Now there is a Porsche you can afford on the way to success.

The Mid-Engine Porsche.
\$3,595.*

It's a two-seater in the classic sports car tradition. But right behind the two seats is an engine in our race car tradition.

Weight distribution is 45% in the front and 55% in the back. Handling is just short of fantastic. The car simply goes where you point it.

With the engine in the middle, other advantages come to light. Tires wear better because each wheel carries almost the same load. Brakes work smoother for the same reason.

Other advantages included

in the list price are rack-and-pinion steering, a five-speed all-synchro gearbox, and a built-in roll bar.

There are two trunks. (The removable fiberglass roof stores in the rear trunk.)

The price includes a 1.7-liter, 4-cylinder engine with fuel injection for going and 4-wheel disc brakes for stopping.

The price also includes the name Porsche.

*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher). Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. For the nearest dealer that sells Porsches and Audis, call 800-553-9550 free in the Continental U.S. (In Iowa call collect 319-242-1867.)

**"I wanted to design a car
young people could afford."**

Dr. Ferry Porsche.

There's nobody else exactly like Jerry Lucas.

You may not expect to find a Phi Beta Kappa making a career on the basketball court—but that's where you'll find Jerry Lucas. In his very first season as a pro in 1963, he won the Rookie of the Year Award.

Clearing the backboards and rolling up 18 to 20 points a game was the kind of basketball that kept his star rising. He made the All-Star team as a forward every consecutive year until 1969.

For his great playing years at Ohio State—and his triumphs with the Cincinnati Royals and the San Francisco Warriors—he is acknowledged by many to be one of the best rebounding forwards in the game.

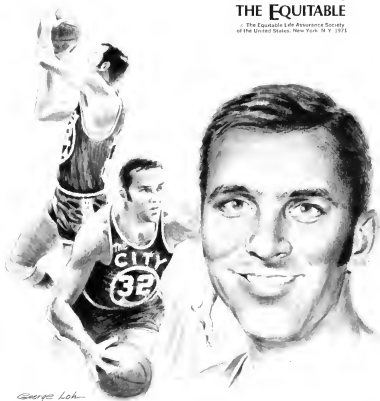
No, there's nobody else exactly like Jerry Lucas. But everyone else—you and your family included—can be as physically fit as the biggest sports star.

Good health is a prime benefit of physical fitness. And Equitable encourages everyone to support physical fitness programs. So, when the Equitable agent says, "There's nobody else exactly like you", he's not just talking about your individual life insurance needs—he's reminding you about protecting your family's most prized possession. Your own good health.

Helping people build a better life

THE EQUITABLE

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How an Accutron® watch movement helps give American Airlines Astrojets an in-flight physical.



A plane lives in the sky.
So, logically, that's the best place to find out exactly how it's functioning.

And to do just that, a system called Astrolog was developed.

It's a highly sensitive electronic unit that travels aboard American Airlines Astrojet 400's (and soon aboard 747 Astroliners).

Every single second of the flight,

Astrolog gathers detailed information about the engine, instruments, and flight performance. Then it transfers that information to magnetic tape, which is later fed into a computer.

But none of Astrolog's information would make any sense without a time base.

You couldn't tell how an engine was behaving at the exact second of take-

off. Or how much fuel was being used in relation to speed.

Flying information is worthless without an extremely accurate time base, so Astrolog has an Accutron tuning fork movement.

Time is such an important factor that Astrolog had to have the most accurate time base that was available. So an Accutron tuning fork movement was used. The very same movement that runs every Accutron watch.

Bulova guarantees its accuracy to within a minute a month.*

And when you're in the business of flying 350,000 people a week, you have a very healthy regard for that kind of accuracy.

Accutron Astrojet Mark II "D". Two time zone feature with individually set local time zone hand and home time readout indicator. Banded gold and black markers on silver dial. Calendar window. Protected against common watch hazards \$295. Other styles from \$119. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become
a scientific instrument.
Accutron® by Bulova.

Contents

MAY 10, 1971 *Fortune* M, No. 19

Cover photograph by Helmut Alexander

18 Missing Data Unavailable

A reluctant comment to the post performance cloths and a lot about Caneiro II's stunning Kentucky Derby victory

22 Choosy About the Doozy

Chicopee and others flowed at a Princeton ski-race action, but the registers didn't always ring

26 Look, Ma—Only One Hand

Les Alcedo and Duane Robertson made it seem easy as the Milwaukee Bucks headed to the NBA title

32 No Bird, No Plane. Just Superjack

Jack Kelly, the AAU's new president, is determined to keep tall madmen at a single house

44 Only the Game Has Changed

Certainly baseball's coaches have not. They cheer, cheer and deal signs just the way they always did

50 Often Bloody, but Uncowed

The battles of golf's Establishment keeps falling on Dute Hall, who called on Open come a slay posture

68 Of Arms and the Men We Sing

... perhaps not as the epic traditions of Virgil, but we celebrate two sporting festivals of Americans



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Circle 3 on page 55

Next week

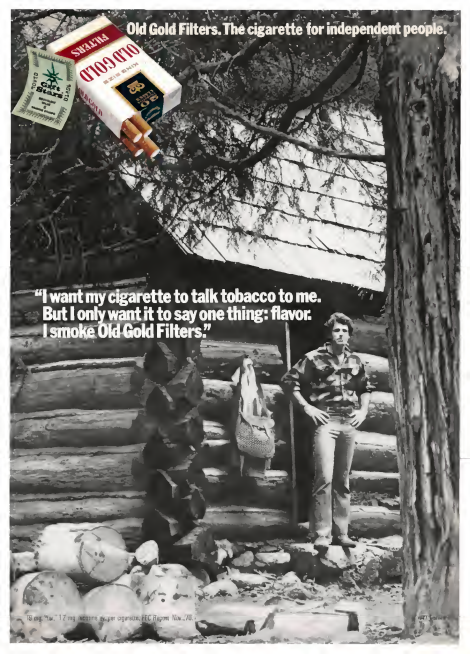
THE RED HOT GIANTS, trying a comeback in cool San Francisco, are winning games and even some fans, but they have a problem: that second-place usage Ron Fennie reports

ADMISSION TO HARVARD a search for a teen-ager compared to finding a summer job in the national parks, as hard-nosed parents send sons off to become babies in the woods

DANGER ANGELS are a wingless breed who do crazy things with cars so far apart crazy enough to retire the thrill king, Joe Woodward, or any other Woodward by Frank Deford

The departments

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| 13 Scorecard | 65 Pro Football |
| 58 Baseball | 89 For the Record |
| 60 Hockey | 90 19th Hole |
| 62 Bridge | |



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**"I want my cigarette to talk tobacco to me.
But I only want it to say one thing: flavor.
I smoke Old Gold Filters."**

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Golf Digest

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But we're a resort. One of the finest in the South. With three spectacular nines, 27 lovely delectable holes. And along with the rest of Grand Hotel, they're something to rave about.

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BOOKTALK

Red Barber's memoirs take us behind the sports microphone, but not very far

I took about 10 minutes recently to list an even two dozen erstwhile sports stars who—through the mags, of television—have become sportscasters. The gamut runs from Danny Don Meredith, Jack Toymen, Frank Gifford, Joe Garagiola, Pee Wee Reese and Ralph Boston clear on through Lynn Shackelford who, fans may remember, played Mr. Outside to Lew Alund's Mr. Inside at UCLA and now helps out on Lakers broadcasts in Los Angeles.

It's a bull market in athletics, all right, even if many do have problems with that language we laughingly call English. (Remember a series of commercials one former star undertook a few years back? Unfortunately, he had a speech problem that made him sound like Elmer Fudd, so his spiel for Roman Meal Bread came out as a pitch for something called Woeman Meaw Bread.) It was not always so. There was a time when an announcer was hired on the basis of how he sounded and what kind of excitement he could transmit on the air. That was when radio was a fan's best friend and Ted Husing, Bill Stern, Harry Wyrmer and Red Barber called the play-by-plays.

Of radio sports' big four, Red Barber is the one best qualified to write the book on sports broadcasting. He was the one who reported, where others performed. And—it's almost as if there's a sportscaster's curse—he's the only one to make it through with all his pieces working (Husing was the victim of a brain tumor. Stern, now back on the air on Mutual, went through a long bout with drugs. Wyrmer died from an accidental fall.)

What the Old Redhead writes most about in his new book, *The Broadcasters* (The Dual Press), is the Old Redhead Starting from 1929 at WRUF (Radio University of Florida), where he read a paper titled "Certain Aspects of Bovine Obsessions" for a free meal, through the Dodger games, the Yankee games, the years as sports director at CBS and back to Florida in semiretirement, he traces in breezy, if sometimes self-serving, prose his 40 years behind the mike.

But there also is Ted Husing, banned from covering the Series by Judge Landis for criticizing the umpiring in 1934. Here is Barber calling the first televised major league game—Cincinnati at Brooklyn—and reviewing for his work, from NBC, an engraved silver cigarette case along with bill for same. Here's the man from Gaillette paying Barber all of \$200 a game to announce the 1952 Series over coast-to-coast TV (Barber refused to do another Series for that kind of money). And here's Barber again, defying the jinx that says you don't mention no-hitters in progress, calling it no-hits for the Dodgers while

Floyd (Bull) Bevens was cranking up to pitch to Cookie Lavagetto. And here's Bill Stern calling 'em just the way they happened, even if he had to guess.

"When Stern would do a football game and name the wrong ballcarrier," Barber writes, "he would simply have him lateral the ball to the right man." But when Clem McCarthy called the wrong Preakness winner in 1947, Stern afterwards took glee in revealing Clem's mistake. Barber repeats McCarthy's now-famous response: "Well, you can't lateral a horse"—and an old myth, that it happened at the Derby instead of the Preakness. You can't lateral a horse race either, Red.

But if the material is all there, Barber seems reluctant to look beyond the memories to tell us what happened to those days and—well, to the institution of baseball itself. Why isn't it the national pastime anymore? What happened to change it, for surely part of the reason is what happened up there in the booth, when radio got an eye and they called it television.

Baseball was the perfect summer spectator sport. Slow, easy, lots of time to get some sun and drink beer. Baseball on radio made sense, too—a broadcaster like Red Barber filling those long breaks in the action with good talk. As if the pitcher was shaking off signals and the batter was out of the box, kicking the dirt off his spikes and adjusting his supporter just so Barber could fill you in on the stats and standings. But baseball on TV is about as exciting as watching sponge cakes rise at the Pillsbury bake-off.

Is there a future for baseball? No word from Mr. Barber. Barber was the Dodgers' broadcaster when they let Jackie Robinson into the majors. We learn that "there were white players on the Dodgers who went to Rickey and said they wanted to be traded if the Negro came. In time they got their wish." But he never tells us who.

Barber was with the Yanks when Mel Allen got fired and he hints that Allen's reaction was a little stronger than "Well, how about that?" But Barber knows more than he tells. The same is true about the disintegration of the Yankees: Barber blames it on Owners Del Webb and Don Topping bleeding every nickel from the franchise before dumping it, anemic, on an unwary CBS. But it's worth a chapter, not a page or two. In these days of let-it-all-hang-out sports writing from people like Jim Bouton and Dave Meggybey a breezy reminiscence just isn't enough.

Barber devotes his final chapters to advice for would-be announcers. Looking over a quick checklist—which includes Jerry Coleman, Phil Rizzuto and Tony Kubek—one good piece of advice would be: "Play infield for the New York Yankees."

—JOEL SEIGEL



The aging cellars of the old stone winery.
The Christian Brothers, Napa Valley, California

"A more careful choice of grapes
and casks gives every sip of this aged
brandy its smoother, mellower quality."

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
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This is the kind of quality tire that gives full credit to the man who builds it... and the man who drives it. See your Kelly-Springfield Dealer now and let him show you just how good it is. Also available in Canada.



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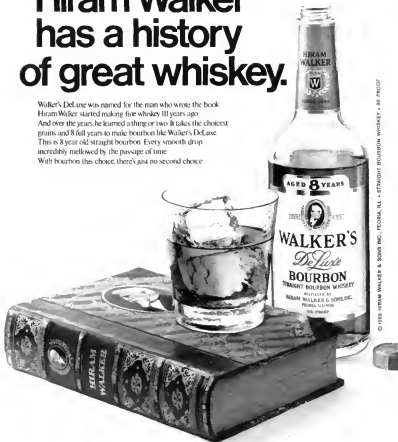
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Hiram Walker has a history of great whiskey.

Walker's DeLuxe was named for the man who wrote the book.
Hiram Walker started making fine whiskey 111 years ago.
And over the years, he learned a thing or two: It takes the choicest
grains and 8 full years to make bourbon like Walker's DeLuxe.
This is 8 year old straight bourbon. Every smooth drop
incredibly mellowed by the passage of time.
With bourbon this choice, there's just no second choice.



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Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.

Our wagon, complete, is \$2098.40* The whole shebang.** And that's 2 doors more than Toyota*** \$700 less than VW****

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Say, 25 m.p.g.? Regular gas? And a gas tank placed midship for safety? Yes, yes, yes!

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Racing cars and Subaru wagons have race, and puns on spacing.



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A very sporty 4-in-the-floor. Nice short throws, gear to gear to gear.

Inboard brakes up front, people, which lead to a remarkable stable ride.

And make our wheels so quick and light, it's like having power steering. Only cheaper.

Sit into something small. Our wagon's turning circle is no bigger than our car's. 31.5 easy little feet.

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But do you know about our fold-up-flat against-the-front-seat back seat?

That lets the floor behind stretch and well over 5 long flat-bottomed feet! (not counting the tailgate).

Because there is no tramp!

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You know now.

We've got a wagon-load of visibility. See?

Not only does our hatch lift us, but...

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And meanwhile, back in our Toledo Technical Center, other per-

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See the pros at **OWENS-ILLINOIS**
FOREST PRODUCTS DIVISION
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**you'll want Cessna
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It's nature to want to learn from the leader. Ted Williams, Hall-of-Famer, 400-hitter, is a true professional. A man who put it all together—brains, muscle and guts—to become probably the best hitter who ever lived.

Cessna, world leader in personal aviation, introduces a brand-new program that brings flight training down to its simplest form. We put it all together—instructor, airplane, curriculum, financing—to make it easy for everyone to learn to fly.

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You'll learn from one of the world's finest instructors. You'll learn in a Cessna 150, the world's best trainer. The one that flies like the planes you'll want to fly after you learn.

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For the name of your nearest Cessna Pilot Center, plus free Learn to Fly Kit, write Dept. CPC/BB-S11, Cessna Aircraft Co., Wichita, Kansas 67201.



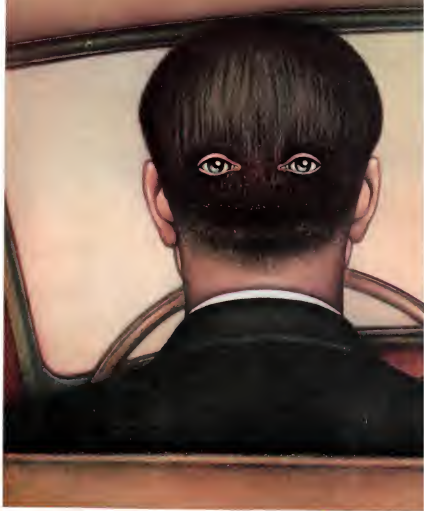
\$500

This coupon and \$5 buys your introductory flying lesson in a Cessna 150.



Cessna
Whenever you're ready

Our new safety device gives



drivers a fantastic advantage.



When Mother Nature equipped man for survival there were no such things as automobiles.

How was she supposed to know he'd end up barreling down highways at crazy speeds, zigging and zagging from lane to lane, getting knocked to Kingdom Come from behind by his brothers?

If she had known, she might've given him a better chance. She might've given him eyes in back of his head—which is the whole idea behind our GTE Sylvania company's latest auto safety device.

The extra eyes are actually two ultrasonic detectors mounted near your car's taillights. They're so sensitive, they can pick up sounds from another car's engine and tires from as far

away as 35 feet.

When a vehicle traveling 35 mph or more comes into one of your rear blind zones, an amazing thing happens. One of two tiny lights on your dashboard lights up—sort of like a directional signal. Then it stays on, until the vehicle is alongside you. Safely in view.

Now we wish we could tell you that our eyes-in-back-of-the-head device is available right now. But we can't. It's still in the final testing stage (along with the electronic controls for a new invention that reduces exhaust pollution).

We can tell you this, though: Detroit is seriously looking into it.

So maybe one of these days it'll be looking behind for you.

GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



Vantage the no cop-out cigarette announces a menthol breakthrough.



New Vantage Menthol.
**The first cigarette that lets you give up high 'tar' without
copping out on real menthol pleasure.**

Until now you got either lots of menthol flavor and lots of 'tar' or else you got low 'tar' and very little flavor. Now there is Vantage Menthol with the ingenious Vantage filter geometrically

shaped to increase filtration. If you like authentic tobacco taste and real menthol pleasure, you owe it to yourself to smoke Vantage Menthol.

It's the only no cop-out menthol.

11mg. "tar", 0.9mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SCORECARD

Edited by FRANK DEFORD

PLAYTHING OF THE WEST

It is that time of the year again when the National Hockey League devours its young. Last spring, in a dispute over a few thousand dollars in salary, the wealthy Boston Bruins let their esteemed young coach, Harry Sinden, walk away from the game after he led the Bruins to the Stanley Cup championship. Now the St. Louis Blues have pulled the rug out from underneath Scotty Bowman, the team's outstanding coach and general manager.

It was Bowman, 37, who transformed the Blues into the jewels of the West and the very model of an expansion franchise. In 1967 he took over a team that was struggling to escape the cellar and turned it into a civic prize that reached the Stanley Cup finals three years running. In his spare time Bowman dabbled in instructing Sid Salomon III, 33, in the rudiments of the game. Young Salomon's credentials as a hockey authority are otherwise founded on the fact that his father, Sid Salomon Jr., controls the team.

Last week Bowman was finally forced out of the organization he made. "They want me to be a puppet," he said. "I can't let that happen." The toy of a team is now the Salomons' to play with all by themselves.

RENDER UNTO CAESAR

A frequent sight at almost every racetrack in the country are the nuns who sit patiently near the entrances with wicker alms baskets. They are as familiar as Dalmatians around firehouses. The ubiquitous nuns also receive a good bit of attention, as many bettors feel gaily upon arriving at the track and other blessed or cursed upon departure, and are thus moved to make a donation to set things straight.

Last Friday in New York, as special off-track betting windows opened for the Kentucky Derby, the nuns suddenly showed up. It was like the *Good Housekeeping* stamp of approval. That day, for

the first time, off-track betting went into the black.

ELI, ELI, ROW, WOW, WOW

A Broadway musical, *Frank Merriwell*, based on the mythical Yale athletic hero, closed last week after one performance.

LOCAL OPTION: NO SLEIGH

It is already known that much of Denver has regrets about its role as host of the 1976 Winter Olympics (SI, Feb. 15), and now the whole Colorado state legislature is disturbed at the prospect. Closing its latest session, the legislature created a Colorado Olympic Commission, but with an amendment to the bill that declared: "In view of adverse fiscal and environmental impacts that would accompany the holding of the bobsled event within the state of Colorado, the commission shall endeavor to secure elimination of the bobsled event." The whole package passed, 32-1, was accepted by the House and now needs only Governor John Love's signature to become law.

In defense of this rider, Denver Republican Senator John Birmingham maintains that only about 110 people in the world would participate in bobsled competition, and, besides, he says the course itself would be an "ecological monster." He was joined in that stand by Representative Richard Lamm, an active conservationist, who figures that the bobsled and luge runs would cost \$1 million each and "there is little possibility they will be used after the Olympics." A key House dissenter, Representative Harrie Hart of Colorado Springs, called the measure "ludicrous . . . a real intrusion on the international Olympics."

The amendment is all of that, all right. Tradition, not to mention national honor, demands that if you are awarded the Olympics, then you stage the Olympics—and not by lopping off events to suit local fancy. This sort of thing could lead to banning speed skating, say, if someone didn't like the location of the

rink, or snuffing out the Olympic torch because it was smoking up the area. The IOC ought to be properly stunned by this action. What Denver must do now is fulfill its pledges to the rest of the world, build the bobsled run—somewhere.

THE DATING GAME

Remember when the batter who hit the local haberdasher's outfield sign won a new suit of clothes? Miss Scher Senz had a modern version of that arrangement in mind a couple of weeks ago in Istanbul when the Turkish national team met the West Germans in soccer. As a newspaper publicity gimmick, Miss Senz—a superbly constructed, doe-eyed, sometime belly dancer—promised three



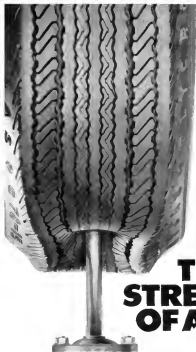
Arabian nights of bliss to the Turk who scored the first goal against the Nordic invaders.

Alas, the inspiration was too much for the Turks. They stumbled all over the field and twice flubbed wide-open shots on the goal. In fact, they never scored at all as Germany won 3-0. The German center forward who scored twice took this opportunity to claim free-agent rights to Miss Senz. She snubbed him, however, and, proving that she was a real homebody, still pined for her defeated countrymen.

THE ALCINDOR STRAIN

We started the pro basketball season last October with the Milwaukee Bucks on the cover and end it the same way.

cont'd



THE STRENGTH OF ATLAS

**We forced a steel plunger
into an Atlas Plycron
2 plus 2 tire at a pressure
of 5372 in. lbs. without
rupturing it.**

Tire rupture can rob you of thousands of miles of tread life. To help prevent it, you need strong tires.

Like Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 fiberglass belted tires.

They're built with two tough fiberglass belts bonded onto a Vicron polyester cord body. These fiberglass belts, placed under the tread, help keep sharp objects from penetrating the tire carcass. Also, give you rupture protection where it's needed most.

Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 tires survive one of the industry's toughest testing programs. A program which includes 54 probing laboratory tests and a hard run with an independent test fleet.

On the fleet they're run for thousands of miles.



**So you'll feel more secure
riding over any rocks
and ruts you may meet
on the road.**

Over all kinds of roads. Which helps assure that you'll get the mileage that's built into every Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 tire.

You can get a set at any of the 50,000 leading service stations that carry Atlas tires, batteries and accessories.

And remember, all our products are built with the strength of Atlas.

**FIBERGLASS BELTED
ATLAS
PLYCRON 2 plus 2***

Excludes other Atlas products. *Fig. 2.1.8 in GTR
*Excludes other Atlas products. *Fig. 2.1.8 in GTR


You're miles ahead riding on the strength of Atlas.

THE FUEL-INJECTED VOLVO 142E. OPEN HER UP AND YOU'RE IN FOR SOME SURPRISES.

Open the hood. Surprise. No carburetors. The 142E has electronic fuel injection instead. A computer "brain" automatically adjusts the fuel mixture to the engine's needs. So more of your gasoline is converted into power, instead of exhaust smoke.

Now open the trunk. Inside, it's roomier than an Oldsmobile's. There's a radial ply Pirelli Cinturato spare on a wide, 15-inch wheel. Four more are under the car. Each with its own power disc brake.

When you open the doors, you'll find reclining, leather-covered bucket seats. The backs adjust for firmness. You get a rear window defroster. And a 4-speed synchromesh shift with overdrive. All standard. (Automatic is optional.)

Now close everything up and take the 142E out for a ride. You'll be surprised how fast the scenery goes by. But that's not the best reason to buy a 142E. Above all, it's a Volvo. And Volvos are built to last.

So the important thing about the 142E isn't how fast it eats up the road.
But how long it'll stay on it.



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No special clairvoyance or expertise is being claimed; most fans were aware that when Oscar Robertson and Lew Alcindor joined forces, an NBA championship—possibly a string of them—was in the offing.

It is no knock on either Lew or Oscar, but there were elements of farce about Milwaukee's final-round victory over Baltimore that had nothing to do with the multitude of Bullet injuries. Alcindor, a magnificent athlete, is simply too big for the physical dimensions of the game. He scores too easily and he prevents opponents from scoring with equal efficiency.

It is not just Alcindor who is at issue, either. The whole sport is turning on the axis of the big man. Without a good giant, a team has no chance. Every playoff series this year was won by the club with the better big man. The whole pro sport is seriously threatened, in danger of ceasing to be a team sport. Perhaps it is time at last to raise the basket to 12 feet; in any event, something drastic must be done, and quickly. Basketball is too fine a game and Alcindor too fine an athlete for them to be laughed at as a travesty.

THE SMART MONEY IS IN VASES

Created in 1860 by Tiffany's, burned for much of the Civil War, the famous Woodlawn Vase has been the trophy for the Preakness Stakes since 1917. In 1945 the Woodlawn was appraised at \$33,000. Last week a new appraisal figure was announced: \$500,000, a 1,400% increase. With that kind of funny inflated figure floating around, the Woodlawn should hire an agent. It could get at least \$1.2 million from the American Basketball Association.

STX Rx FOR STICKS

Although it is a fast, rough game, the old Indian sport of lacrosse has exhibited only a moderate growth pattern. One reason is that lacrosse must compete with such traditional spring team sports as baseball and track and field. It is also a relatively expensive game. Few schools can afford to outfit lacrosse teams, and few parents can afford to keep their children in sticks.

A lacrosse stick—carved out of a single piece of wood—costs around \$20, and unlike, say, a baseball glove, sticks break easily and are almost impossible to repair. Now a new lacrosse stick has

been developed by STX, Inc., a subsidiary of a Baltimore company headed by Dick Tucker, a former All-America player at Johns Hopkins University.

The STX stick features a durable but flexible head of urethane rubber that can be easily and reasonably replaced if broken. The new stick took five years to develop, but it bids fair to be the innovation that might at last lift lacrosse out of its affluent ghettos and into the country's midfield.

TWO WEEKS IN PHILADELPHIA

The Oakland A's may be burning up the American League West but they aren't drawing flies, or fans either. Owner Charlie O. (for IQ) Finley is going to fix that, however. He has begun a drawing at each game, whereby the lucky winner gets two season tickets to another Finley team that doesn't draw, the hockey California Golden Seals. A local sportswriter has inquired: "Is second prize four tickets?"

PEACE IN OUR TIME

Many, many years ago, when we were all children and all peoples of the world played Ping-Pong together, there was brotherhood and love everywhere. You don't have to believe that, of course, but maybe things were a little better then. Here are some of last week's results from around the international league:

African nations threatened to boycott the 1972 Olympics if Rhodesia is permitted to compete. Alpine skiing nations said they would boycott the 1972 Olympics if alleged professionals are not permitted to compete. South Africa sources suggested they had enough votes and were ready to apply in September for readmission to the Olympics. So much for the Olympics.

The three nations challenging for the America's Cup, furious that they have not been informed of the rules concerning construction for 12-meter aluminum boats, have petitioned the New York Yacht Club to postpone the 1973 challenge to 1974. China has withdrawn from the International Lawn Tennis Federation. The United States Justice Department has been given 27 pages of alleged abuses to minor league professional hockey players. The British took away Stirling Moss' driver's license for six months for being "inconsiderate" on the public roadways.

Now we learn that Preston Gomez, manager of the San Diego Padres, wants to take an all-star baseball team to Cuba in the fall after the season ends. Better turn your radios to the Civil Defense frequency.

NCAA JUCO CRACKDOWN

Since the NCAA instituted the rule requiring student-athletes to project a 1.6 scholastic average before they could be declared eligible, many Western schools have turned more and more to junior colleges for their manpower. Sadly, if predictably, there have been gross abuses. Hopeless students would be placed in a junior college, where they would pump up their grades with sports theory and coaching courses and then here to a four-year university after a semester or two.

Now, the NCAA has refused relief to those schools which had misinterpreted the complicated transfer rules. This could play havoc with the chances of several Western football teams. Many players who transferred from junior colleges at midyear and participated in spring practice have been declared ineligible for next fall's schedule. In the Big Eight, Kansas, Kansas State, Oklahoma State and Missouri have been hardest hit by the new rules interpretation, and Missouri is ready to appeal, essentially, that it is suffering *ex post facto* legislation.

Since the schools claim to find the rules confusing and not clearly written, the Missouri suit surely should be considered. But the tighter regulations are certainly welcome. The NCAA should rewrite them with more clarity and then enforce them.

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Ferry, Baltimore Bullet assistant coach and scout, discussing Lew Alcindor: "We're not afraid of him. He puts his pants on the same as we do—except four feet higher."
- Cleveland Indian Pitcher Steve Dunning, after throwing a one-hitter: "My college pitching coach, Tom Danton, taught me to pitch with the three C's—Confidence, Control and Pose. That's the catch. You're thinking three C's and there are only two, and that pose makes you think twice as hard."
- Chicago White Sox Pitcher Tommy John, after losing his fourth of five starts: "Tell Curt Flood I'll join him over there."

END

April 19, 1971. The people who started a whole new ball game now give you a whole new ball.

Introducing the new Faultless Professional Plus.

We haven't changed the name. Just the ball.

It's not merely an improvement, but an entirely new kind of solid golf ball. And until this April, there's never been another like it.

The new Faultless Professional Plus is the first solid ball to give you not only the distance of the best wound balls, but even a comparable click and feel.

For nearly ten months, our research people worked with university computers and scientists to develop this new, top performance formula.

Over 2,000 formula variations were tested. Then the chosen compound was subjected to hundreds of tests on precision hitting machines.

Which proved that the new Faultless can't be outhit by any

regulation USGA ball. Not one.

We even used low-handicap amateurs and qualified pros to verify our comparable click and feel. But that's only half the story.

Because unlike the wound balls, Faultless has no core or winding that can get out of round. No cover to smile back at you.

That's why it putts truer. Drives truer. Round after round.

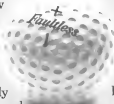
When all is said and done, the new Faultless is as near to perfect as a golf ball can be.

So if you haven't considered playing a solid ball, maybe now's the time to reconsider.

Because the new Faultless has done something no solid ball has ever done before.

It challenged the balls that were always the ones to beat.

And beat them.



The new Faultless

We started a whole new ball game.

Available at golf course professional shops only. Faultless Golf Products, Division of Abbott Laboratories



Sports Illustrated
MAY 10, 1971

MISSING DATA

This splendid redundancy was all that past performance charts had to say about the last three races of Venezuela's Canovero II, who





UNAVAILABLE

made America's classic contenders look like Percherons as he rounded a jam-packed field to score a stunning upset in the Kentucky Derby by WHITNEY TOWER



CONTINUED

The 97th running of the Kentucky Derby was unbelievable, and the credibility gap grew with each television rerun. Field horses, those nondescript supernumeraries who are lumped together as a single betting unit, do not win the Kentucky Derby. Oh, sure, once in a while they do. Baden-Baden did in 1877 and Count Turf in 1951, and there was one other in the 74 years between. But how could a totally obscure colt from Venezuela named Canonero II run away with America's—and maybe the world's—most famous race? Field horses are expected to be the weakest in a race, and last week in Louisville five of the six field horses in the Derby finished pre-

cisely where they were supposed to—16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th out of 20. Yet the sixth one, who previously had not aroused much excitement even in Caracas (he was said to be only third best in his own stable), did win the Derby last Saturday at Churchill Downs, and by the commanding margin of 3¼ lengths.

The race was expected to be an open affair, one in which victory by any of seven horses would occasion no surprise. The Calumet Farm entry of Bold and Able and Eastern Fleet, California's Unconscious, the George Poole-trained entry of Impetuosity and Twist The Axe, dependable Jim French and the stretch-



running last were all well thought of, and there were a couple of promising long shots in Bold Reason and Vegas Vic. These were the horses to watch and, indeed, they filled eight of the nine finishing positions behind the winner.

But the roses this warm, lovely spring day went to Canonero II, A Kentucky-bred colt who had gone for a minuscule \$1,200 at the 1969 Keeneland fall yearling sales, his single shaky claim to consideration was that he was the only one in the race who had won at the Derby distance of $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. But his winning time then had been a sluggish 2:08 $\frac{2}{5}$, and his adventures in the fortnight before the Kentucky race were not calculated to inject further confidence. The plane that flew the colt from Caracas to Miami had to turn back twice with engine trouble. In Florida he was confined to a quarantine stall without exercise for four days, this less than two weeks before the Derby. Then he spent another 24 hours in a van during the 1,100-mile trek from Miami to Louisville, where he arrived exactly a week before Derby Day.

His most recent three races were something of a mystery; he had won twice, yet all that *The Morning Telegraph*, the horseplayer's bible, could say about them was the telling but redundant comment, "Missing data unavailable at this time." His one serious work at Churchill Downs had no one rushing to the bank for extra betting money. He did have a couple of things in his favor. His sire was Pretendre, who finished second by a neck to Charlotown in the 1966 Epsom Derby, and his dam was Dixieland II, a winner in England and a daughter of Nantallah (the sire of Ridan and the champion filly Moccasin). And he was coming to low-altitude Louisville from high-altitude Caracas, a change that might help equine runners as much as it does the human variety.

Nevertheless, he was considered just one more of the humpy-dumpy colts who were going to clog up the track, prevent a cleanly run race and spoil the chances of the legitimate contenders. As it turned out, Canonero II did not clog it up for anyone, and the big field, while much too large and unwieldy, remained remarkably free of major traffic snarls.

The start, out of two gates put to-

gether where the track is at its widest (120 feet), was a good one and, as expected, Bold and Able came charging from the No. 1 stall to take the lead. The other red-bedecked Calumet entry, Eastern Fleet, started strongly from one of the extreme outside positions (17) and worked his way over to join his stablemate at the first turn. As the field moved into the backstretch, the favored Unconscious was perfectly placed behind the leaders. Jockey Gustavo Avila had Canonero II near the back of the pack, wide and out of trouble. Going into the far turn the two Calumets were still in the lead, but now Jockey Laffit Pincay let out a little throttle with Unconscious, and as the colt moved up to challenge, his owner, Arthur Seelgison, said, with understandable optimism, "We've got it now."

But Avila and Canonero II had uncorked a wild, surging run on the far outside and in a quarter of a mile moved from 17th place to fourth. The horses they passed were tiring and jamming up, but Canonero II kept his own drive going. Jim French finally got through the mob to run gamely to the wire but there was no way he and Jockey Angel Cordero were going to catch the Venezuelan. Nearly four lengths behind the winner, Jim French was two lengths ahead of third-place Bold Reason, who belatedly found room to poke his neck ahead of Eastern Fleet. Unconscious faded to fifth, while the early pacesetter, Bold and Able, staggered in eighth.

Canonero II's winning time of 2:03 $\frac{1}{2}$ was a lot better than his earlier mile-and-a-quarter achievement in Caracas, but it was the equivalent of 16 lengths off Northern Dancer's Derby record of 2:00 flat. While the winner appeared to be running away from the field, his final quarter, a leisurely 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, indicates that the other horses were coming back to him in a startlingly cooperative way.

But who cares if he is not the best of all Derby winners? He's still the pride of Venezuela, a South American kid who came north to beat the *yajwai* at his own game. In Caracas on Sunday the news of the electrifying victory drove the continuing battles between students and police from the headlines for the first time in 10 days, and the funeral of a student killed during May Day rioting went off quietly. No one apparently was interested in using it as an excuse for a political showdown. The President of Venezuela sent a cablegram to Avila

saying, in part, "The great victory will stimulate Venezuela's progress in all its efforts."

Canonero II is registered in the name of Edgar Caibetti, but Caibetti's father-in-law, Pedro Baptista, is said to be the power behind the reins. Although Canonero won no major races in Venezuela, Baptista thought he was promising, and with the long-distance phone help of Pimlico's General Manager Chick Lang nominated him to the Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont.

Neither Baptista nor Caibetti came to the U.S. for the race; they were represented here by Baptista's 18-year-old son. In Caracas Baptista said he was offered the equivalent of half a million dollars for the horse 10 minutes after the Derby was over. Extravagant, perhaps, but perfectly in fitting with Derby Day 1971. Canonero II's winning purse was \$145,500, richest in Derby history. The crowd of 123,284 was the largest ever to see a horse race in the U.S., and it wagered \$2,648,139 on the Derby, the most ever bet on a single race at a track anywhere. In New York City, where off-track betting on the Derby became epidemic, more than \$1 million came in. Because Canonero II was a field horse at Louisville, bargain hunters who liked the idea of getting six horses for the price of one beat his odds down to less than 9 to 1, and the payoff for \$2 was thus a modest \$19.40. But in New York, where each horse was a separate betting interest, Canonero II paid a more fitting \$59, although his near 30-to-1 odds still seemed surprisingly low.

At the track's party for the winner, the exuberant Latin personalities of Pedro Baptista Jr. and the others of his group were much in evidence, although English was sparse and interpreters at a premium. Everyone wanted to know everything there was to know about the horse, and the many Spanish-speaking jockeys present were interviewed as they have seldom been before. Were they happy to see a fellow Latin jockey win? "Not particularly," said Laffit Pincay. "The only Latin jockey I wanted to see win was me."

Canonero's trainer, 31-year-old Juan Arias, was more diplomatic. Asked if he had his horse on some special diet, Arias replied graciously, "The best diet for him was being able to come back home to race in his native Kentucky."

Viva Arias! Viva Venezuela! Viva Canonero II! **END**

Victorious Venezuelans are jubilant after Jockey Avila guided Canonero II to victory.

REAL CHOOSY ABOUT THE DOOZY

A world-record bid of \$66,000 failed to buy a succulent Duesenberg, but champagne-sipping old-car shoppers at a Pennsylvania auction thawed the recession freeze by ponying up more than \$300,000 **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Symbolically, at least, it was quite a turnout. Jay Gatsby motored down from Long Island in a beige Auburn whose spokes reflected a hundred suns with each turn of the wheel. Not long afterward, or so it seemed, Julian English pulled in from nearby Gibbsville with his butter-yellow Marion Bobcat—one of America's earliest sports cars. And as auction morning rolled around, the sun also rose on Jake Barnes, who arrived from San Sebastián in a quiet, wood-paneled Hispano-Suiza—the one

they built for the Infanta Isabella in Spain back in 1910. Jake has style, at least. Even the Archduke Ferdinand was there, all spangles and waxed mustache ends as he peered from the velvet depths of his opera-box Renault. Ferdie was rather nervous. "He's always expecting another Princip to jump out of the crowd with a gun," said the Smart Set. To be sure, in this particular gathering there were plenty of suspicious looking customers—long-haired dudes with peace stenciled on their jackets

and aggression bristling in their beards.

But this was Radnor, Pa., not Sarajevo, and a day for reality—if an auction of antique and classic cars can in any way be described as real. It was precisely that unreal blend of automotive fact and remembered fiction that made last week's gathering of car buffs on the Philadelphia Main Line such an experience. It was the first major auction since the late recession put a freeze on the classic-car market 14 months ago, and though the thaw was not yet



Top car of the auction was a 1931 Doozy, for which Ernie Krenzel (above) made the highest audible bid—rejected by Dwain M. H. (Frog) Gould.

complete, a few rivulets were running.

The locale was St. Martin's Episcopal Church, a slow green sprawl of tulip trees, sanctity and cool stone buildings situated in the heart of Philadelphia's wealthy western suburbs. The First Annual Kirk F. White Motorcars Auction, to give the affair its proper name, drew together more than 80 automobiles, 247 registered bidders and 2,750 paying customers. Before the sunny spring day was out, 48 cars had changed hands—along with \$333,700, the highest auction turnover ever in this country.

Significantly, however, 32 of the grandest, most expensive automobiles on the auction block did not move. Kirk F. White, the wealthy young dealer in vintage Ferraris who is backing Roger Penske on the world manufacturer's championship trail this year, was pleased nonetheless. "This auction was a bit of a gamble," he said, "but we succeeded. We moved a large volume of cars, and while the action at the \$50,000 to \$60,000 level was slow, I don't think many people went home disappointed."

True enough. Champagne flowed beneath the willow trees, magnolias bloomed, hot pants came and went and

there were always the cars to look at—if not to buy. They ranged in age from a 1902 "carved dash" Oldsmobile (with a tiller, not a steering wheel) to a 1966 Ford GT-40 (a model that is rapidly becoming a collector's item since its retirement from top-rank racing last year). In between were cars of every shape and degree of elegance. Rolls-Royces in plenty. A hardy, functional Model T wagon, a quartet of Model A's. A covey of early Cadillacs, far more massive and substantial than their descendants. A brace of Bugattis, a Marion, a Mercer, two Auburns, a Ruxton hut a sad absence of Packards (two were promised but did not show). And there was Al Capone's limousine, a maroon 1940 Cadillac V-16 replete with an armory of pistols, machine guns and a hand grenade. Fortunately, none of the hardware was loaded—car buffs take auction defeats seriously.

Then there was the centerpiece: a 40-year-old Duesenberg Le Baron barrel side Phaeton, tricked out in tan and burgundy for its first public appearance since it was restored by Durland Edwards of Forty Fort, Pa. Estimates of what the Duozer would bring before the auction began ranged up to \$80,000. The highest

price ever paid for a car at auction was \$45,000 for the legendary "Harry Johnson" Mercer truck in 1968. Should the Duesenberg move, it would set a record. "I'll take \$75,000 for it," confided Owner Milford H. (Tiny) Gould, 51, of Trucksville, Pa. collector. "The question is, who's got that kind of money today?"

While the crowd pondered that question, there was much to see. Just looking at the cars under the 15,000-square-foot yellow-and-white striped tent was a trip through automotive history. Compressed and foregathered in a much more lifelike setting than at any museum, the array of cars offered a study in design. The earliest machines, like the 1910 Hispano-Suiza ("Hiso" to its pals) were understated, reticent, almost anemic in the same degree as the European aristocracy whose taste determined their lines. Then came the ebullient, innovative cars of the teens and '20s—sometimes garish and gauche like the *nouveau riche* who bought them, often daring and strong. The 1914 Mercer type 35 T-head Raceabout was the finest example of that era: spare, sleek and sporting a "monocle" rather than a windshield, it spoke

Illustration



Top car actually sold (for \$35,500) went to grinning Don Sears of Indianapolis. He promptly revved up the 12-cylinder Auburn and headed home.



Dazzlers auction included a massive 1931 Cadillac V-16 roadster (above), which \$22,000 did not buy, and an impeccable mouth-watering Type 87C Bugatti.



volumes about dirt roads and innocence and drivers like Barney Oldfield.

Then, circa the Great Depression, a colder, tougher look emerges. The Capone Caddie, the Rollies, a bulbous Buick once owned by the Maharaja of Jind; the cars seemed harder, more sophisticated, like a man who had doubled his fortune through the 1930s. Except for the racing machinery, the postwar cars seemed dull by contrast. Too slick, no exuberance. "Why doesn't Detroit reinvent the rumble seat?" asked one buff wistfully. "Ralph Nader," came the reply.

But now it was time for dealing, not dreaming. While a record of the Saenger Singers chirruped Bach and Vivaldi over the grounds, auctioneer Omar Landis of Ephrata, Pa., warmed up his tonsils. Omar had sold 220 of 250 American cars just two days before, and he was in fine voice. He moved the first car—a dapper 1936 Aston Martin built for Le Mans—in good order and for an encouragingly high \$6,600. A Ford Model A roadster as green as the overhanging beech leaves went just as swiftly for \$3,700.

Then came the first real test, the first of the "huggies," a 1928 Du Pont convertible sedan owned by Bob Marceca and desired by the duPont family. Marceca is a hip, hirsute Manhattan ad-man—a car freak of 26 who owns 45 antique and classic machines in the U.S. and another 15 in Europe. (Proof of

what a soft-drink jingle can get you, fans.) The man who wanted the car was Jerry Riegel, a tall, crew cut and eminently democratic duPont up from Wilmington, Del. to buy a family car for his cousin, Reynolds (Chippy) duPont Jr., who is serving time in Vietnam as an Army clerk. Omar the Rent-Taker quickly escalated the Du Pont's price beyond \$13,000 and kept on climbing. "Sir," he finally asked, "are you bidding? Oh, you're waving at your son. . . . O.K. you've just bought a \$16,000 son." Laughs all around. But in the end Jerry had his 16-grand purchase. It looked like there was money to be spent after all.

Then recession set in again. A faultless red and black Bugatti was "no sale" at a top bid of \$17,500. A splendid 1932 Alfa Romeo Gran Sport Roadster with a red paint job that could be used for a transfusion pulled a high bid of \$22,500—again, not enough. A 1930 Ruxton with front-wheel drive, one of four open models still in existence, failed at \$19,500. "The only people buying are the ones with a couple of five-grand holls," said Bob Marceca, shaking his head.

Precisely. An eight cylinder Auburn Speedster sold for \$14,000, and the Capone Cadillac went for \$14,000 (in a private deal), but a magnificent '31 Caddy V-16 Roadster owned by Herb Weisner, the hamburger king, was far too underdone at \$32,000. Then it was time

for Lot No. 32—the Duesenberg. Bidders dropped their box lunches and raced for the tent to see the climax. Omar was at his most mellifluous as he drew four bidders from \$50,000 on up to \$60,000. Then a 34-year-old novice in the classic-car field, Ernie Krensel of Plymouth Meeting, Pa., bid \$61,000. Omar's voice quickly blasted on past Krensel, and the price went by thousands up to \$66,000. Or so Omar said. "Did I hear sixty-six five?" he barked. "No, the man in the red coat just dropped his cigar. Tiny Gould just took three more pills. Sixty-six five? Sixty-six five? Come on now, the house and the car and the boat will have to go." Nervous chuckles. "O.K., sorry. No sale at \$66,000. Tiny says that's \$8,000 to \$10,000 short. And after all, Tiny don't need the money."

Omar could not later recall who had raised the ante above Krensel's \$61,000—and some cynics suggested that those bids never existed. But Krensel himself was limp at the prospect of having come that close to the Doozer. "Something comes over you," he said, shaking slightly. "It's like falling down an elevator shaft and thinking, 'What the hell. . . .'"

In a way the case of the Duesenberg to sell told a lot about American affluence. To think that in the wake of recession men could be publicly bidding amounts of that scale for mere automobiles—and



The late Alfonso Capone's V-16 Caddie limousine brought \$14,000, glass-enclosed trailer and all, while bidding for a 1914 Mercer fell about that much short of the owner's hopes: \$30,000-plus.



then not getting the car—bespeaks an economy of such size and abundance as to approach immortality. In the presence of these cars it was easy to wax poetic—to forget for the moment about the sins of the automobile: air pollution, the rape of the land by superhighway, the inequities of income reflected by these prices and those slums just down the road in South Philly. The nonsale of the Duesenberg snapped those problems back into focus in some strange way. Drifting away, people began pouring down the champagne.

The string of no-sales among grander cars continued apace. Bob Marecca's Hiso drew bids of no more than \$12,000—not enough, not even with the champagne flowing. His opera-box Renault, which needed work but was already part of the way back to its 1910 elegance, failed at \$4,200. "Absurd," said Jacques de Kervor, a French industrial designer who had helped Marecca prepare both the Hispano-Suiza and the Renault for the auction. "The car is worth at least \$7,000."

Then came the sentimental favorite: the yellow Mercer. Where the Duesenberg had been powerful—so imposing in its length of hood and breadth of tires that one felt like knocking the fore-knot in its presence—the Mercer was playful. Inside the eyes of watchers and bidders alike, silent fantasy films unrolled—coursing the country roads of

an earlier time, the duster flapping in the high winds of 60 mph. June bugs splatting on the heavy glass monocoque, a girl, perhaps, and a Victorian mansion now converted to a country club. Still, none of the fantasies could raise the price beyond \$37,000, and the Mercer remained unsold. "How's the chicken?" Omar asked the crowd.

But if fantasy films could not turn the trick, a real one did. Next on the block came a 1939 Plymouth station wagon—a "woodie" in moderate repair.

"Everyone has a Ford woodie," belittled Omar, "but how many have a Plymouth woodie? What's more, this car recently starred in the movie version of *The Godfather*." Sold for \$1,400.

No such luck attended the parading of one of the auction's weirdest machines—a 1932 Streamliner built by the avant-garde Hill Auto Body Metal Works of Cincinnati. No sale at \$4,800. Sadder still was the fate of a 1912 Kisselcar—worth a small fortune for its name if not its looks. It could draw no more than \$12,500—not enough.

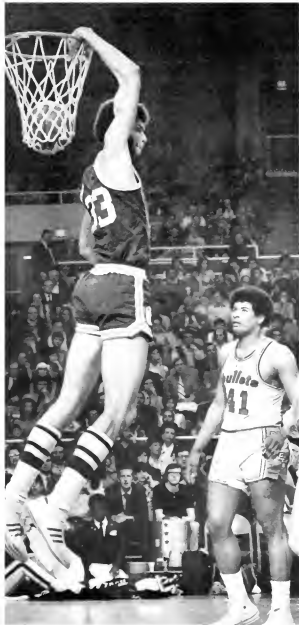
The high point of the day was still the \$16,000 paid for Marecca's Du Pont—the third car on the block. Then up wheeled a cream-colored, mandarin-orange trimmed 12-cylinder Auburn Speedster, an outstanding example of the enamelists' art and the very car that graced the cover of the auction catalog.

It was clear from the start that someone had come for this car. Omar rang the changes swiftly from \$10,000 up to \$19,000. From that level, the price tipped by hundreds of dollars up toward the magic 20 grand; nineteen-two, nineteen-seven, nineteen-eight. Finally, with only two bidders left, the price reached \$20,000. Silence from the opposite party. Bang! Sold.

The buyer was E. D. (Don) Screes, 60, a gray, rather shy coal-company executive from Indianapolis. "I really came for the Duesenberg," he admitted as he drove his Auburn into the back lot, "but I didn't even bid on it. This one I had to have." Screes is the regional director of the Veteran Motorcar Club of America, Indiana branch, but owns just one other classic—a 1920 seven-passenger Cole Touring Car. What were his plans for the new addition?

"Well, first off, I have to get her back home. I figure I'll drive her back tonight." And risk disaster on the turnpikes? "I'll hold her at about 50 or 55 miles an hour all the way. Shouldn't take me more than 15 hours."

As the last of the bidding stopped, the sound of the Auburn's engine rumbled away from St. Martin's Church. Don Screes was heading into the sunset. It wasn't quite Jay Gatsby, nor even the Archduke Ferdinand for that matter. But it was nice to see, anyway. **END**



HEY, LOOK, MA! ONLY ONE HAND

Lew and Oscar made it seem easy, as the Bucks breezed to the NBA title. Who will ever stop them now?

by PETER CARRY

At last the Milwaukee board of directors held its final series of meetings for this fiscal year, a time-consuming, two-week schedule clearly out of tempo with the board's usual brisk efficiency. But that was not the members' fault; they were working under an agenda composed by somebody else. The last four formal sessions were dominated by Mr. Costello, the head of research and development; Mr. Robertson, the experienced director of operations in the field (see cover), and Mr. Akindor, the group's young chairman. When the members had finished hammering out decisions, there was no doubt that the three-year-old enterprise had ascended to the top of its field and could remain there for years to come. As the board broke for a brief summer vacation, during which its three leaders will safari in Africa, a leading technical expertise to six underdeveloped nations, Mr. Robertson reflected the overall mood of restrained satisfaction by describing his role in the firm's latest triumphs as "an important phase of my professional career."

Thus did Oscar Robertson, after 11 frustrating seasons in the National Basketball Association, celebrate the world championship won by the Milwaukee Bucks last week. It was certainly not sur-

Over-the-shoulder dunk was demonstrated by Lew when he got away from Wes Unsold

prising that the Bucks defeated the Baltimore Bullets in the playoff finals nor was it too startling, considering the crippled state of the Bullets, that Milwaukee became the second NBA team—Boston, in 1959, was the other—ever to sweep the championship round in four straight games. In fact, it was no shock to observe that the Bucks, whose strength mounted steadily during the season while most of their rivals teetered along with rosters depleted by expansion and injuries, won their title with more ease than any former champion. Milwaukee lost fewer playoff games (two) and outscored its opponents by wider margins than any of its predecessors.

Throughout the series and particularly after the Bucks easily won the second game, played in Baltimore, where the Bullets had terrorized the New York Knickerbockers, only one question lingered: would a glimmer of flamboyance or a peep of exuberance escape the Milwaukee machine when it finally won the title? Certainly no team with Robertson and Lew Alcindor can be called faceless, simply because they are two of the best-known athletes in America. But both are players and personalities of a singular type. Each regards his game as a business, a complex occupation to be attacked with the precision and coolness with which an accountant surveys a ledger. Both deal in basketball's essentials only, avoiding waste motion and creating spectacle only by the uncluttered purity of their styles. Despite their divergent personal interests, Robertson and Alcindor are basically alike in that they are unemotional and humorless off the court.

Any team on which Alcindor and Robertson played would surely evolve into an extension of their attitudes, but the Bucks' transformation was nearly immediate. Coach Larry Costello's perspective matches that of his superstars, and the new champions are at least as much a product of Costello's insistent ways as they are a reflection of his two best players.

Costello came to Milwaukee when the franchise was formed three years ago, fresh from 12 seasons as a guard in the NBA. As a player he gained a reputation for toughness and thoroughness which has carried over into his coaching. Buck practices are the hardest, most precisely mapped out in the league, much

more like college workouts than those run by other professional teams. The time to be spent on specific drills is allocated in advance, and Milwaukee does not run through its exercises sloppily and at half speed. Costello and his aggressive assistant Tom Nisulke—the Bucks are one of the few NBA teams with a full-time assistant coach who has only minor scouting responsibilities—looked at motion picture films of each of their playoff opponents eight or 10 times to prepare for Milwaukee's run to the championship.

Costello would probably now be uniformly hailed as one of the two or three best coaches in the NBA, which he is, if he had not had the good fortune to get Alcindor. Instead, there are people all around the league who derive considerable pleasure from debunking his role in the Bucks' success. "Anyone could be a winner with the players he's

got" is their motto. They ridicule Costello for the yellow legal pad that is always at his side during games and practices and upon which he constantly improvises new tactics for his team. They deplore his lack of color and ostentation, just the opposite of the criticism leveled against Red Auerbach when Boston was champion.

"Larry, Oscar and I have the same ways about us," says Alcindor. "We agree that being as efficient as possible cuts down our chances for errors. Larry has a very professional attitude. There's no nonsense, because he's a man dedicated wholly to basketball. He simply wants to get the job done, which makes it a lot easier for me. I know what he demands and I have no worry about working around any idiosyncrasies he might have."

"If a coach is disorganized he can't expect his players to go by the rules,"

continued



Not exactly a midcourt love-in was an almost-fight between Baltimore's Earl Monroe (18) and Milwaukee's Jon McGlocklin, one of several flare-ups in the final playoff game.

Costello says of his system. "You're never going to execute unless you execute hard in practice. It's the only way to get your timing down. And I know it works. Last year we won 56 games without Oscar. We had a rookie center, a rookie forward, a second-year forward and an expansion player in our starting lineup."

The emphasis on mechanical skills gave the Bucks the best offense in the NBA this year and, by the close of the season, perhaps its best defense. Milwaukee was 12th in field goals attempted and 16th in free throws tried, yet it finished first in points scored. The Bucks set a record for shooting accuracy, becoming the first team in NBA history to average over 50% for a season as the offense designed by Costello and executed by Robertson, Alcindor and their teammates consistently led to shots close to the basket.

Perhaps because they had forgotten who the Bullets were—the two teams had not played in three months, thanks to the complexities of the league schedule—the Bucks made it known before the opening game that they did not much care for the opposition the NBA had lined up for the finals. Except for Oscar, they said that Baltimore was nice, but they would rather have the Knicks—to grab by the scruff of the neck and drag down Wisconsin Avenue. In a column entitled "*Knicks Will Be Mixed in Final Playoff*," *The Milwaukee Journal's* Terry Bledsoe wrote: "It is as though Muhammad Ali had stumbled somewhere earlier in his comeback attempt and Joe Frazer had been forced to conduct his fight of the century against Oscar Bonavena."

On the marquee outside the Milwaukee Arena the top billing listed something called "The World Championship Wonago Rodeo." About six feet below that was the notation, "Bucks Basketball Apr. 21." Inside the arena, vendors sold programs that showed Alcindor on the cover shooting over Willis Reed and Dave DeBusschere.

Baltimore Forward Jack Marin took all this in, slumped in a chair outside the Bullets locker room and said sarcastically, "I'm wearing a New York jersey tonight. I don't want to disappoint these people. They paid good money to see the best and I'm gonna give it to 'em."

It looked briefly as if the Bullets would

give Buck fans more than they bargained for. During slightly more than two minutes of the first quarter Alcindor committed three fouls and had to leave the game. But his 15-minute absence hardly helped Baltimore. When Lew left, his team led by four points; when he returned to start the second half, his teammates had increased the margin to eight. With Alcindor on the bench Robertson directed the Bucks flawlessly, steadying his younger teammates by scoring Milwaukee's first six points after Lew's departure and finishing with 15 for the half. If Oscar was spurred to his performance by visions of playoff glory and money, he wouldn't admit it after the game. "The championship isn't necessarily what I've been waiting for all these years," he said—and yawned. "If it comes, it comes."

Alcindor returned to dominate the second half, scoring 18 points in the third quarter and finishing with 31 in the 33 minutes he played. It was the only time in the series that Lew scored with consistent ease over Wes Unseld. Bullets Coach Gene Shue took the risk of assigning the 6' 7½" Unseld to guard Alcindor unassisted. Only twice in the first game and not much more often subsequently, did Wes receive aid from his teammates. Since nobody, perhaps not even his mother, seems to know exactly how tall Lew is, the disparity between the two centers was guessed at anywhere from seven to 10 inches. When Unseld stood on his toes, he barely seemed able to peer over Alcindor's shoulder. But Unseld had an advantage of his own, since he outweighs Lew by 13 pounds, all of it muscle. Wes danced around Alcindor, overplaying him first on one side, then the other, frequently baiting away passes into the post and generally laying a load of weight on Lew's spine. He forced Alcindor to attempt all the shots in his repertoire, from dunks to that majestic hook fired from an absurd yard above the basket, to jump shots outside Lew's best range. Alcindor occasionally responded by backing strongly into Unseld and jostling him slightly, which is equivalent to making the Sphinx flinch, but after the opening game Unseld was able to hold Alcindor six points under his league-leading regular season average of 31.7.

Although he was the Bucks' high scorer, Alcindor's most valuable work was

on defense. Bullets Forward Gus Johnson missed two games because of sore knees and was unable to perform with anything near his usual effectiveness on Baltimore's offensive boards when he did play, so Alcindor was free to control the defensive rebounding for Milwaukee and a large part of Baltimore's favorite shooting territory from his zone under the basket. Baltimore shot better than 40% in only one game and scored as many as 30 points in just two of the 16 quarters played. Those were also the only quarters in which the Bullets outscored the Bucks. After the first game, in which he had 26 points, Earl Monroe was eliminated as a significant offensive threat by the strong, head-on defensive play of Robertson, by Alcindor's presence under the basket and, eventually, by a pulled muscle added to his chronically sore knees.

The frustration of facing Alcindor's interior, roving defense spilled over into the crowd during the second game, which Baltimore lost, at home, 102-83. Marvin Cooper, the free-form rock dancer who was the best single performer for Baltimore during the series, stopped tripping lightly after he observed what Alcindor did to his team in the second and third periods, when the Bullets scored only 35 points. Cooper, who began dancing in the aisles during the Philadelphia-Baltimore playoff round, bopped out of the stands near the Bucks' bench in the first quarter. With the fingers of both hands wiggling furiously, he sent his hex—the one that had worked so successfully against the 76ers and the Knicks—flying at the Bucks. Lew, obviously up on his voodoo, shook it off so easily that Cooper's later dances were more like tantrums. Still, Cooper gave Baltimore its only victory in the series. He proved to be much better TV time-out entertainment than Steve Swedish's Polish sausage band, which played during similar breaks in Milwaukee. With the American Broadcasting Company absurdly prolonging the time-outs and halftimes, incidental entertainment became very important for the paying customers.

"They just stopped us from getting the layup," Marin said of the Milwaukee defense. "You look up there and see that Afro up by the rim, and you just don't figure out what to do about it. They give me a lane to the basket all night. I took it once, I took it again,

continued



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and then I said forget about it. It's like taking a golf shot through a tree; it's supposed to be 90° air, but you always seem to hit a twig. They figure you can't beat them with 20-foot jumpers and they're right. I'll tell you, it ain't easy out there."

"You've got to give Lew all the credit," added Kevin Loughery. "He may only block one shot here or there, but guys have to change their shots because of him. He's the greatest defensive player I've seen since Bill Russell."

In the third game, which Milwaukee won 107-99, Bob Dandridge scored 29 points and twice Robertson came off the bench in foul trouble to break up Bullet rallies. He scored 30 points in the fourth game, hitting 11 of 15 and, as he did all through the series, he forced his teammates to play harder, not allowing them to relax even when they had long leads.

The Bucks retained their pattern to the end. With 2:54 left to play in the last game and Milwaukee ahead by 17 points, Costello was still diagramming new plays on the yellow pad. In the locker room after the victory Lew sat quietly in a corner for a time, drinking a Coke and chewing his gum. He has now won national titles at all three levels at which he has played—high school, college, the pros. He allowed that winning the NBA championship is "a great honor." Then he added that he was glad it was over and he would like to get some rest. After a few minutes, he got to his feet, took a cup and drank a little of the victory champagne.

While a few of his teammates squirmed bubbly around the room Lucius Allen explained the other Bucks' lack of exhilaration. "People expect us to win," he said. "Everything we see in the paper says we'll win. It takes some of the excitement away from us. And I guess if you get right to it, we're not a very emotional bunch."

There is a widely held notion among pro players that this was the last year in which anyone would have a chance to beat the Bucks for a long time. There was even a portentous note in the decorations in the Milwaukee Arena. The Bucks' official colors are forest green, white and red. But there was no red in the bunting during the playoffs, and the green was several shades lighter than the official dark tone. In basketball it is called Celtic green. **END**



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As president of the Amateur Athletic Union, Jack Kelly is determined to leap tall traditions in a single bound **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

NO BIRD, NO PLANE, JUST SUPERJACK

In no particular order, Jack Kelly Jr. is president of John B. Kelly, Inc., the brickwork company his dad founded; a Philadelphia city councilman-at-large; co-chairman of the Non-Partisan Register & Vote Campaign; director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the Paramount Life Insurance Company, member of the board of the Hero Scholarship Fund, Americans for the Competitive Enterprise System and the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen; president of the AAU; and brother of Princess Grace.

Kelly's mother says Kelly is so involved because "he doesn't know how to say no." And that he is "naive." And that since his father died he has spread himself around like syrup.

Kelly, who is 43, says that's not entirely true. He actually said no just the other day. He declined an offer to be the chairman of a fund-raising dinner for the National Jewish Hospital At Den-

ver. He says the request wasn't as far-fetched as it seemed. He had ridden by the hospital once on a skiing trip.

There were, of course, no ethnic implications in the refusal. In point of fact, the Philadelphia Athletic Club, where he works out, and of which he is, well, president, if you must pin it down—all right, and half-owner—is 80% Jewish. And he was chairman of the rowing committee at the Maccabiah Games and won the Philadelphia Zionist Award in 1964. "Actually, some of my best friends are Gentiles," says Kelly.

No, he says, he turned down the National Jewish Hospital because there was just too much on him now that he had accepted the responsibility of this AAU thing, and his mother was giving him a lot of heat because he wasn't spending enough time at the office.

Also, Kelly says, his mother was at a standing summer over his active participation in Philadelphia night life, as him-

ned as that is. Separated from his wife and six children for three years, Kelly was recently called a "playboy" by the mayor of Philadelphia in the public prints. His mother said he earned it.

One might say he earned the presidency of the AAU the hard way. In San Francisco last December, when he was clefted, he showed up at the inaugural banquet at the Sheraton-Palace with a red, yellow and blue T shirt under his tuxedo and a plan. A column by Wells Twombly in the *Examiner* had characterized him as Clark Kent come to "save amateur athletics from Queen Victoria and Benjamin Disraeli"—the man to carry the AAU out of the 19th century, out of the darkness and into the light. Kelly had enjoyed the image. He does, in fact, look like Clark Kent.

At the moment of his introduction, Kelly ripped off his tuxedo jacket and dress shirt to reveal . . . *Superman!* A nervous twitter spread through the ballroom. "I tried to rent a telephone booth to put up on the rostrum," says Kelly, "but there wasn't time."

It was also late in the evening. The stories of Kelly's speech, prepared and distributed earlier, were already written and his theatrics went unrecorded.

Kelly's inauguration speech—he called it "No Guts, No Glory," after the mountain climbers' motto—was a compression of the heresies he had be-



RIPPING OFF GRESS SHIRT, KELLY SHOWS TRUE COLORS AT INAUGURATION BANQUET IN SAN FRANCISCO

gun to espouse in the days before the election. (His election was supposed to have been a foregone conclusion. He was the first vice-president to J. Edgar Hoover, the outgoing president, and therefore next in line. But there was no clear-cut mandate. He could have blown it.) The speech has now become a continuing monologue, delivered in that prerecorded, take-a-letter-please voice of his, and he is prepared to extend it over the next two years or until there is no one left who hasn't heard it.

Kelly opened fire the moment he hit San Francisco. He spoke of the crying need for "change," for "relevancy," for "evolution." He said the amateur code was archaic, that a new definition was needed. He attacked the hypocrisies and inconsistencies that force athletes to grub, lie, cheat and steal while their officials ride first-class. He even spoke of sitting down with the lion, Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA. And he said the Amateur Athletic Union should be renamed the "American Athletic Union" because amateur had become a synonym for ineptness. Kelly was unanimously elected.

"A calculated risk," he says reflectively.

Jack Kelly's father was the last of 10 children of an Irish immigrant family that

settled in Philadelphia before the turn of the century. He was, by any standard, an exceptional man. He left school after the eighth grade, but from a post-World War I working capital of \$16 he made "Kelly for Brackwork" a million-dollar operation and a household slogan in Philadelphia. For that he was appreciative. He carried on a love affair with the city, and though his monetary worth was always exaggerated—he left a \$1.3 million estate in 1960—he was a man of considerable civic clout. The Playhouse in the Park was his project as was the huge Kelly Pool next to Memorial Hall. He nearly was elected mayor in 1935.

Jack Sr. was an accomplished all-round athlete—boxer, swimmer, squash player—but as a rower he could not be improved upon. He could, however, be offended. He went to England in 1920 to enter the Diamond Sculls of the Henley Regatta, and was told, "Sir, you may not enter the Diamond Sculls. You work with your hands." The opprobrium at Henley still stung his ears. Kelly won the singles sculls gold medal in the 1920 Olympics at Antwerp. The Diamond winner was second. Kelly also took the doubles, with his cousin, Paul Costello. Shortly thereafter a package arrived at Buckingham Palace for King George V. It contained one Kelly-green rowing cap, slightly used, and a

note: "Greetings from a bricklayer."

Kelly retired in 1926 and wanted the son who would allow him to unstuff the shirts at Henley. "There was never any doubt what Big Jack wanted," says Mrs. Margaret Kelly. "He always said he would have a son to make the Diamond Sculls."

The union of Jack Kelly Sr. and Margaret Major, whom he met at a Philadelphia swimming pool and who was herself an athlete and a cover girl, produced four children; three extremely pretty girls, Peggy, Grace and Lizann, who is married to a horse trainer named Don LeVine, and an all-American boy, Jack Jr.

By the time he was six, Jack Jr. was out on the Schuylkill, in his father's shell. Almost on schedule Jack Jr. won the Diamond Sculls in 1947. (He had lost in his first attempt the year before and was so humiliated he didn't want to come home, knowing how much it meant to his father.) When he stood up to be photographed with the trophy, he was wearing a Kelly-green rowing cap. He was hooded. Jack Sr. called it a "triumph over snobbery."

The son became, in every respect, an extension of the father. He didn't just follow in his father's footsteps, he eagerly ran after them, trying each one on for size. "He was a very easy boy to raise," says his mother.

continued

He was easy because, unlike most kids, Jack Jr. did not suffer the adolescent interval of misprizing his father. His father was, after all, smarter, as any fool could plainly see. When Junior showed signs of becoming a pretty good football player (he was all-league center at Penn Charter), Senior chased him back to the river. "Look," he told me. "Jack Jr. recalls, 'You're nearsighted. You're color-blind. You've got flat feet. What would you rather be, the 100th best football player in Philadelphia or the No. 1 rower?'"

From that day on they couldn't drag him off the river. When he lost in the semifinals of the 1948 Olympics, he had to be carried from the boat. ("The fact that I never won an Olympic gold medal is still one of my hang-ups," he says, "and a failure my father's contemporaries won't let me forget.") The morning after Grace married Prince Rainier in Monaco, Jack Jr. was out on the Mediterranean at seven o'clock, in a "Kelly for Brickwork" T shirt, rowing.

His father suggested he learn to box. "Good training," he said. At 180 pounds

Jack Jr. won the heavyweight championship of the Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Station and the intramural championship at the University of Pennsylvania.

His father, who had been in the ambulance corps in World War I, stressed patriotism. Jack Jr. punished himself to get into the Navy, walking on rollers to elevate his flat feet, eating carrots for his failing eyes. "I would have done anything not to be classified 4-F," he says. He would have been anyway if strings hadn't been pulled. "I became the blindest ensign in the Navy," says Jack Jr.

His father wanted him to know the family business from the bottom. Jack Jr. worked on construction jobs in tenements and he won a brick-laying contest and the silver trowel that went with it. (The runner-up protested, with a dark hint of nepotism.) His father impressed on him the value of social and civic involvement; Jack Jr. began to spread himself around. "I could no more divest myself of my Philadelphianess," he says, "than I could zip out of my skin."

Until 1960, when Jack Sr. died, his influence on the son was total. Because

Jack Jr. didn't seem to chafe under it didn't make it less real. Sometimes the effect was subtle. There is, today, an almost neurotic neatness to Jack Jr.—his dress (conservative, leaning to browns); the close, careful cropping of his hair; the well-ordered budgeting of his time; the precise piles he makes of things (papers on his desk, magazines in his apartment). A man having breakfast at the Kelly penthouse can't lay a spoon aside without having Jack grab it up for the dishwasher.

Sister Peggy sees their father in this. She recalls a time in Ocean City, N.J., where the family had a summer house. Father patrolled the beach in a pith helmet. He was legendary for the tidiness of his stretch of sand. When boyfriends came around to see the Kelly sisters, the old man passed out rakes. "We had the best-groomed beach in town," says Peggy.

"My father was a tough act to follow," Jack Kelly says. "Big, strong guy, fine looking, eminently successful. There was always pressure to excel, to keep up. I have been competing with him all

JACK KELLY SPEAKS OUT ON SHAMATEURISM

In its present form the amateur code makes hypocrites and cheaters out of amateur athletes. Take as an example two gymnasts at a university doing the same job. One is listed as a coach, the other as a phys ed instructor. The coach is a professional; he can't compete in amateur athletics. A "phys ed instructor" can still compete as an amateur.

Now, here's a college swimmer employed at a country club as a lifeguard. He teaches some of the members, coaches the club team. That would make him a professional by our archaic rules, so his coach tells him, "Be sure they list you as a lifeguard." In short: "Misrepresent yourself."

If all the violators of the amateur code were prosecuted, there wouldn't be an amateur left, except maybe Mr. Avery Brundage. One rule says you can't profit directly or indirectly from your sport. Ridiculous. You can't avoid it. Rowing is as pure a sport as there is but I know oarsmen use their contracts—to sell insurance, to hustle an automobile.

Rules that forbid an athlete from having sponsors are unenforceable. Peggy Fleming was a top figure skater, but without the financial support of her club she couldn't have stood the cost of competing. And her amateur success was used as a springboard

to professional contracts. Almost every amateur boxer, virtually every basketball player at the Olympic level has the same idea. They're looking to cash in, and for very good reasons.

So many rules. Our Olympic Committee, according to an international rule, can't include a professional coach. We ignore it. One rule change we have submitted to the IAAF would allow a professional in one sport to compete as an amateur in another (SI, April 26). I don't think playing professional football has made Bob Hayes a faster "amateur" runner. He gets banged pretty hard.

Richie Ashburn was a fine sprinter, but he signed a base-ball contract with the Phillies because the money was important to him. He gave up an Olympic career. No decision like that should be necessary. I'd like to have seen Wilt Chamberlain in the decathlon. Chuck Bednarik could have thrown the discs out of the stadium.

So many stupid rules. As a rower you can't be a boatbuilder, but it was O.K. for Phillips to have an amateur basketball team and call it the *Phi's*, and it's all right for people to run around with *YORK BARBERS* across their chests. There's a rule that says you can play against a professional team as an exhibition without it affecting your am-

ateur status. But if you play on a team with a professional, you become one.

Some of these rules are laid down by the international federations and we can't change them unilaterally. But we can certainly change many of our own A.A.U. rules that are inconsistent with reality, and we are attempting to do so.

Don't misunderstand me. We have people in amateur sport who are not as pure as they profess. The Communists have their state-paid athletes, but we have our scholarships and we don't get much sympathy from countries who see us trading on these kids' athletic ability. I'm not knocking the scholarship program, I'm just saying we're inconsistent.

I don't advocate less subsidizing of athletes. I advocate more. I feel if a boy isn't generous enough to pay a man when he's competing, say, in the Olympics Games, there should be some contingency fund so the man wouldn't lose money.

Today you have to work so hard to succeed in sports that your opportunity to make a living or stay in school is often impaired. So we have a choice: crack down on many of the other nations or help our athletes. I prefer to help the athletes because I prefer a high level of sport.

I see a spirit of change. I think today

my life. Living in his shadow made losing harder when I lost, which admittedly wasn't very often, because I was humiliated for both of us.

"But look at it another way. I had a readymade business to step into. Doors were opened. I had an opportunity, and an influence, that helped me excel in athletics, and my athletics opened doors, too. That's contrary to the definition of true amateurism, of course, so I'm guilty of not being a true amateur.

"Sometimes now I wish for a quieter life. There are many obligations being the only son of a man like that and it is left to me to fill them. But the wish doesn't last long. I really enjoy the go, go, I can't sit and watch television for hours. I can't wait for a head cold to get better. I think I've had one half-day of sickness, where I had to stay in bed, since 1954. I just go around spreading germs."

Now that Jack Jr. has begun to demonstrate that he is not his father, those around him are somewhat disappointed. To explain this is to explain his unique position as a Kelly.

continued

the AAU presents a younger image, more advanced thinking. I find myself in sympathy with virtually all the demands Hal Connolly and the athletes [United Amateur Athletes] recently made. I think young athletes will realize we are sympathetic, and I don't believe they did before.

The challenge of the NCAA has been good for us. It made us tougher. We're doing a more efficient job. We haven't settled the feud with the NCAA, but I think it can be settled. Before, there were some antagonistic personalities involved: Don Hull, Pinky Sober, Dan Ferris and several others who were thorns in the sides of the NCAA people. On the other hand, Mr. Walter Byers has been our special thorn. He seems dedicated to destroying the AAU, and it's unfortunate that a man who wields the power he does should feel that way.

If I have to, I'll go directly to Mr. Byers to settle this dispute. I'm going to put the monkey on the NCAA's back, make it known that since we've done the things they demanded in the beginning, what is it they want now? Or is it really their desire to take over all amateur sport?

My hope is that the real hierarchy of the NCAA, the college presidents and the coaches, will realize that the kids are in the middle. It's up to us to get them out.

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Now motorists along this solitary 95-mile stretch of highway have someone to talk to.

Every half mile.

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Each yellow call box is connected to one of the five State Police stations in the area.

In an emergency, the motorist can pull to the side of the road, lift the receiver, and instantly get help.

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The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company cooperate with local, state and Federal authorities to make the telephone serve you better.

In this case, to help make highways safer.



A number of remarkable traits emerge after prolonged exposure to the Kellys. They are, to begin with, attractive. With the possible, and predictable, exception of Grace, they have no gift for pretension. They strive to be thought of as down to earth. "I have been very careful not to do things to create criticism," says Jack Jr. "I can't have people say I'm a conceited s.o.b."

Second, and most surprising in view of their having been prominent for so long, the Kellys are almost embarrassingly candid—again, with the possible and predictable exception of Grace. The personal laundry goes on the line almost the moment communication is established. Grace, whose exposure has

been so much greater, tries harder to stay aloof. "I could never understand my father, letting photographers take pictures of him shaving in the bathroom," she said the other day, while doing needlepoint in a sitting room of her 200-room, 700-year-old castle. "Kell's the same way."

All the sisters, and the mother, tell young Jack Kelly Jr. stories with pride and affection. The adult Jack Kelly Jr. does not always get such kindly treatment. The women are unanimously unhappy with his broken marriage. His wife, the former Mary Freeman, is a swimmer. They met at the 1952 Olympics, got married in 1954, had five daughters and a son and carved out separate lives for

themselves. Mary in various Philadelphia swimming programs. Kelly in everything. ("They never had a meal together," says Grace. "He'd be off making a speech, and she'd be holding swimming lessons.")

But these are a social people, and they know marriages have a way of going bad—Peggy herself has failed twice—so their disapproval is deeper than that. It seems, rather, that they watch Kelly plowing the ground his father broke and, knowing that they are watching an understudy in the star's role, it unnerves them that he is not his father. Or that he may even be rebelling at this late date.

Here is Grace: "Kell never had to grow up. . . . He's naive. . . . confuses attention for loyalty. . . . tries too hard to make people like him. . . . and doesn't have father's toughness. . . . his sense of humor. . . . his resilience."

"Part of it is excessive ego," says his mother. "Big Jack had it, it's part of Kell. Men who achieve often have that kind of ego. But Big Jack was more practiced in handling it. He got his head hard way. Kell never had to work hard for his bread and butter and his gin and tonic. He had it laid in front of him. He picked it up, all right, but it was there. I think Kell gets his ego flattered too often. I don't think he realizes how far afield it takes him. Friends capture his ear. A little water, a little oil, and he says, 'Sure, I'll do it.' Fortunately, he can do more work in a day than any three men, but there's a limit. There is a limit."

"Since his father died there has definitely been less order in his life. I often tell him, 'Grow up, Kell.' I'd like to see him cut 50% of his activities out of his life. And I'd really like to see him get his big toe out of politics. It serves absolutely no purpose, only to feed his ego. He's simply not tough enough for politics. He can't say no."

"I don't say the influence of Big Jack was always good for Kell. I often told Jack that he leaned too hard on the boy. He trained him too hard for the Olympics, trained him too fine, and it hurt Kell."

"But now that Big Jack's not around anymore. . . ."

Each Christmas, under the headline **DICKING THE HALL**, the Philadelphia

continued



LIFE WITH FATHER, at age eight, means being out on the Schuylkill, learning to row in a double scull. Nine years later Kelly got a peerage handshake from 15-year-old sister Grace



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Pennneys

The values are here every day.

Disputch runs a gift list for the prominent public servants of Philadelphia—gifts it would give them if it could. For Jack Kelly one year the list stated: "Nothing. He's got it all."

"All," or most of it, can be seen from the Kelly penthouse at The Plaza off the Ben Franklin Parkway. The view from there is enough to make a man believe Philadelphia is worth saving. The Schuylkill River coils below, on its banks spidery cherry trees bend toward the water on which Jack Jr. expended so much amateur sweat, and down a way, along Boathouse Row, stands the Vesper Boat Club which he—as his father's successor—patronizes to the tune of \$15,000 a year. This keeps it solvent and heated. One can also see, on the east bank of the Schuylkill, the bronze statue (on a brick pedestal) of Jack Sr., hunched over the oars of his racing shell.

The penthouse is lavish, with shag rugs combed up high. Plaques and bowls and mugs—the spoils of Jack Jr.'s rowing campaigns—line the shelves, together

with books about rowing. Everywhere—even in the bathrooms—are rowing prints, and in one bedroom the prow of the boat in which Kelly won the Diamond Sculls juts from the wall like the head of a trophy crocodile.

Kelly's day begins here with a breakfast of V-8, pineapple yogurt, a hard-boiled egg, two vitamin pills—and a three-mile jog to Boathouse Row and back. By bedtime, he would, on a normal day, have addressed an 8:30 class at a local high school; done some phoning and dictating at both City Hall and John B. Kelly, Inc.; visited a construction job; been filmed rowing on the Schuylkill for the opening scene of a movie called *Philadelphia Here I Come*; attended a reception for Red Smith, the sportswriter, and a funeral for a union executive; secured a line of credit for a real-estate deal; and had a swim, steam bath and rubdown at the Philadelphia AC. Then there would be time enough back at the penthouse to entertain, say, 20 or 30 members of the cast of the Ice Follies,

or to pick up his date and catch the Flyers vs. the Rangers at The Spectrum.

The hours Kelly spends at City Hall are perhaps not as gratifying. As a councilman-at-large he draws \$18,000 a year mostly to say, "Mr. Chairman, I have no bills or new resolutions to offer at this time." In political circles he is considered "not worth owning."

He is more in his milieu at the Vesper Boat Club, which he often visits to check over equipment, relive some of the glories pictured on the walls and ask that the heat be turned down. ("Gee, it's hot in here, you guys, and my heating bill is running \$200 a month.") He figures the club gives him a nice return on his patronage and he is proud that since he took over from his father, the victories which Vesper has achieved—six national championships and the 1964 Olympic gold in the eight-oared shell—far outstripped what came before. "In a way, it's competing against my father again," he says. "I like to think I've won this one." **END**



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Phenoms

and franchises come and go, but baseball has a constant: the coaches. They impart the fundamentals (Have a Good Idea of the Target; Don't Overthrow the Cutoff Man; Swing from the Inside Out). They also relay signs, steal signs, recognize omens, wave runners around, scoop up foul grounders, throw batting practice, hand down legends, watchdog the ball bag, superintend the bullpen, hit fungoes, drink beer, maintain weight charts, stay in the background and get fired regularly—yet endure. At a time when players run together (in fans' minds if not on the field), coaches become local characters. They have the faces of cowboys, Maine lobstermen and country sheriffs. Many are full-bellied and surely a clear majority chew tobacco. As a group they hearken back to days when a magazine like "Street & Smith's Sport Story" could reduce American tensions to "Whack! Brent's effort was a blazing liner to the pitcher's right. A sure hit, unless——"



Only The Game Has Changed

Long before 1933, when "Street & Smith's" cover of a catcher pursuing a pop-up hit the stands, coaches were perfecting the techniques of their trade. One of today's perfectionists, Senators' Coach Nellie Fox, demonstrates signal-camouflaging and chew-nursing. His colleague George Swince shows how to wear a hat backwards.



Quiet Kerby Farrell once managed the Indians, now after 40 years in the game stands united with Alvin Dark's regime



Ted Kuszewski's armabulga as much as when he busted fences. Today he leans on batting cages and helps the young





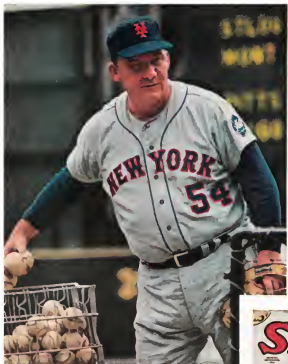
Rocky Bridges is bowlegged, chews and says, "The main quality a great third-base coach must have is a fast runner."



The Phillies' George Myatt has a fog-horn voice and never gets caught in his spray. He has been fired six times.



Frankie Crosetti keeps his chew stuck to his cap while fungoing. He wore the same size baggy pants when he played



A Chance to Stay in a Young Man's Game

"He didn't like guys of Duane's stamp," went a story in the Oct. 25, 1934 *Street & Smith's*. "Red was a blank, blankety blank grouch, and fourteen kinds of sorehead."

It is possible that Frank Crosetti's thoughts about Jim Bouton ran along the same lines—or Bouton's about Crosetti. In *Ball Four* Bouton tells of a shouting match he had with Crosetti when both were still with the Yankees, Cro as a coach and Bouton as a pitcher. The trouble began after Crosetti told on Bouton for a minor irregularity, and it ended with Crosetti starting to throw punches. "Now there's a dilemma," wrote Bouton. "I don't want to get hit, even by skinny old Cro. At the same time I don't want to hit Frank Crosetti, for crissakes."

Among today's coaches, Crosetti is a legend. He retired himself from the Yankees, then had a change of heart and came back with Seattle and the Twins. According to somebody's calculation he has waved home 16,000 runners in 25 years in the third-base coaching box. He is also said to have become wealthy from 23 World Series purses gathered as player and coach.

The quintessential coach, however, still takes the form of the Angels' Rocky Bridges, who says that today's ballplayers "are better educated. Baseball isn't their life's end. They're different, like everything else. Even ice cubes are taking different forms today."

But not coaches. Bridges chews, he has spread in the waist, he looks only slightly less seasoned this year after having been hit in the face by a tree trunk in a logging accident over the winter, and he says he doesn't worry about other teams stealing his signs: "We have enough peo-

ple mixing signs that if the enemy is catching them, it will mess the enemy up."

George Myatt of the Phillies is another highly recognizable coach. He has a foghorn voice, and he gives a runner the signal to slide into third by sliding into it himself. "I picked that up when I managed at Chattanooga with a Class D team in a Double A league," he explains. "I guess I had 17 Cubans on the club, and since my Spanish was horrible the base running got horrible, too." Myatt likes to tickle people's ears with a straw, and he hollers "Hey yah" when someone walks by—and then looks at his shoes as though he had never said a word. When he became interim manager of the Phillies in 1969 Myatt said, "I don't think God Almighty could completely handle Richie Allen, so all I can do is try."

Another raggy coach is George Susce of the Senators, who is more lumber than most. He leads the team in calisthenics, and he can touch the ground with his elbows, or even his nose, without bending his knees. He is 62 years old and his fingers are picturesquely bent from years of minor league catching. He guards the bag of baseballs zealously from players trying to snatch one for a friend; it is easier to get a raise and buy a ball, the Senators say, than to get one away from Susce.

Roger Craig of San Diego received a Mother's Day card from his pitchers. George Staller, who was fired by Baltimore in 1962, went back to scouting and was rehired when Earl Weaver became manager in 1968. He once had a steady off-season job as a prison guard.

Most coaches' careers are checkered. Usually they are fired when the manager who hired them is fired,

and some of them go from team to team with one manager. Joe Pignatano, a coach under Gil Hodges with the Senators and now with the Mets, stepped into the middle of a fight between newspaper and TV people in the Mets' dressing room during the playoffs in 1969 and bellowed, "Don't touch the boss!" Hodges had had a heart attack the year before.

Since ballplayers spend less time in the minor leagues these days, coaches are more important as teachers than they were years ago. Still it is the rare one who makes a name for himself as an impartor of techniques. Johnny Sain, whom pitchers swear by, is one of these; but he has been fired often by major league teams, usually because players were siding against the manager in allegiance to him. Some coaches, like Bridges, attain a certain comical fame, but it is a sidekick's role that they are expected to play. The money—\$15,000 to \$20,000 average—isn't bad, and the chance of managing always exists, but the profession's main attraction must be that it enables an aging man to stay around a young man's game. Come out to watch the Angels early sometime, before any of the players have made their way to the field, and see Rocky Bridges and the bat boy playing a sort of tennis. Bridges hits the ball up onto the screen behind home plate, the bat boy waits for it to roll down, and hits it back onto the screen. Then Bridges waits, bat cocked, for it to roll down again.

In 1933, Yankee Coach Art Fletcher told *Street & Smith's*, "Don't let anybody tell you that the game of baseball has changed a whole lot. It really hasn't."

Well, at least the coaches haven't.

ROY BLOUNT JR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DEANE

That dashing bunter was called "The \$20,000 Beauty." Coaches make \$20,000 today and are beautiful—at batting practice, like the Mets' Ruben Walker; or fraternizing, like the Orioles' Billy Hunter; or eying a pitcher, like the Twins' Merv Grissom.

Dave Hill was only 11 at the time, so short and frail you almost could have stuffed him into one of those golf bags he carried at the Country Club of Jackson in Jackson, Mich. This particular day he was caddy for one Andy Andrews, who though only 16 already was the club champion. Now Andrews' ball lay in a trap, but the ball sat free atop the sand and the trap had no lip to be surmounted. "The putter," said Andrews.

"Sand wedge," suggested caddy Dave.

"No, give me the putter."

"Use the wedge."

"Now listen, David," said Andrews, annoyed. "Please give me my putter, and don't argue with me."

"Only one club for that shot, the wedge. You put that thing," little Dave declared, "and you're gonna carry your own bag." Andrews took the putter, whereupon Hill dropped the bag and walked off the course.

Today, Dave Hill probably is the pro tour's most opinionated player, a sort of underweight Alex Karras of the golf links but, as Andy Andrews has known all along, Hill started training for the part at an early age. Professional status merely gave him a gymnasium, so to speak, in which he could work harder at the strength of his convictions. On the tour he once terminated a motel-room game of gin when, after playing 30 straight losing hands, he picked up his fully packed suitcase and hurled it through a window, not taking the trouble to open the window. When golf courses have depressed him, he has been known to quit tournaments in the middle of a round, underlaid by the fact that he would be fined. "Go ahead," he says as he heads for the clubhouse. "Lay the hundred on me." And as the PGA whets its ax, Hill relaxes over a drink. "There is one thing I can say about old Dave," says old Dave. "I am what I am and I'm not what I'm not, and I don't ask no favors."

Well, if no favors, how about a little mercy says the USGA, with next month's U.S. Open golf championship in mind. Relax, Dave Hill says he thinks he will like the course. After all, the Merion Golf Club in Ardmore, Pa, was good enough for Bobby Jones when he completed his Grand Slam there in 1930. The stately old dame was good enough for the Open in 1934, when Olin Dutra

beat Gene Sarazen by a stroke, and she was good enough again in 1950, when Hill's idol, Ben Hogan won it. So Hill, who during last year's Open shook pro golf to its tradition-rooted spikes by recommending that the Hazeltine National Golf Club be converted to cornfields and dairy pastures, suspects Merion is steeped in class and that it will not be necessary for him to so much as suggest that even a small rutabaga patch be planted on the back nine.

But wait a minute. All those Merion Main Liners in their royal-blue blazers will please refrain from standing at ease. Hill as yet has never played their sacred plot (where, instead of flags, Scottish wicker baskets crown the pins). His jury remains out. And remembering how, at Hazeltine, this onetime Jackson mailman squinted through his grubby gloves and

from being right up there with Palmer and Nicklaus. "Tremendous ability," says PGA Tournament Director Jack Tuthill, one of Hill's periodic opponents in his battles with the Establishment, "but a poor shot dwells on his mind. It might interfere with his overall management of a golf round. He's wasted a lot of money by letting things get to him." Indeed, a bad case of player's nerves once drove Hill partially blind for a period of 10 days.

Still, he has plenty of credentials to make him a threat to take a U.S. Open. Hill, 34 this month, has won more than \$100,000 in each of the past two years and has gathered up the precious Vardon Trophy, among other awards. His Vardon year, 1969, he not only had the lowest stroke average on the tour, 70.3, but won three tournaments, ranked sec-

OFTEN BLOODY, BUT UNCOWED

by MYRON COPE

Dave Hill tees off, not always with a golf ball. His opinions have had the PGA in a flap—and the pros playing in a dairy pasture

speculated that those Minnesota doglegs best qualified for crop subsidies, the possibility remains, his mouth being what it is, that for the Open the postman may indeed ring twice—that he may recommend Merion's tight little fairways for conversion to bridle paths and that he will grind to a halt somewhere along the front nine and tell the world the truth about those Scottish wicker baskets, that they were made in Hong Kong. As one of Hill's middle-aged neighbors told him following last year's tumult: "Dave, by the time you're my age, your mouth will be 300."

Amid the Hazeltine sound and fury, the fury having been supplied by PGA Commissioner Joe Dey in the form of a \$150 fine, Hill finished second, Standing 5' 10½" and dwindling toward his normal season-ending weight of 130, he is not much thicker than an out-of-bounds stake and is, to those who prefer the pro tour tranquil, about as welcome. Some say that only an obsession with perfection—and the toll it takes on his physique and composure—keeps him

ond in money and made the Ryder Cup team, all of which was sufficient to lower the temperature of his cold war with the PGA by at least 10°. The PGA named Orville Moody—winner of one official tournament, the Open—Player of the Year. "I thought it was like playing a joke on people who follow golf," Hill bristles.

Probably because of his talent for gravitating to conflict, one does not see Hill's picture splashed around in sportsweek or lawn-mower advertisements, although his manager, Oscar Fraley, contends that only Hill's failure to win a major tournament has kept him from cashing in. (Fraley's principal occupation is writing, but his liaison with Hill is not illogical. Oscar's best-known book is *The Untouchables*.) But Tournament Director Tuthill disagrees. "Dave has the bad-guy image," says Tuthill. "Listen, I know how big-company policy people think. They don't want unfavorable publicity of any kind—not even questionable publicity. John Dillinger owned



a few fast cars in his time, but I cannot see the Buick Motor Division running ads that say, 'John Dillinger drove Buicks.'"

An ironic coincidence, Tuthill's choice of imagery. Whether Buick likes it or not, Dave Hill drives Buicks—free ones. In 1969 he won the Buick Open, whose first prize included a five-year supply of you-know-whats. "They have since canceled the Buick Open," Hill points out, bemused. "I once won the Hot Springs Open, and they canceled that one, too. Do you suppose they're trying to tell me something?" Though Hill is one of only eight players to have won more than \$100,000 in each of the past two years, his commercial spinoff at last word was limited to a contract with Ram golf equipment and small deals with Munsingwear and Etonic shoes. "I have an advertisement in mind for Etonic," he points out. "Dave Hill says Etonic's taste best." I don't have to explain that, do I?"

Beneath his immense dark eyebrows, Hill's eyes sizzle like two fried eggs in a pan when he thinks he has spotted injustice, something which usually accosts him wearing the badge of a PGA official. Hill says his temper is not one-tenth what it used to be, but since entering the \$100,000 class he has been involved in no less than five more or less major incidents. The first occurred during the 1969 Ryder Cup matches in Southport, England and almost resulted in his being packed out of the country.

Following a round in which a British referee had issued an arguable ruling depriving Hill and his partner of a hole, Hill was standing with his wife and a priest friend in the entrance of his hotel dining room. An acquaintance approached and asked him how the day's golf had gone. Hill replied with words to the effect that the referee had not known his posterior from a cavity in the earth. Well, horrors! At a table six feet away, Erik Brown, the British captain, was visiting with the Tony Jacklins and the Peter Allisses, and Hill's strong bass voice had reached Brown's ears with much the effect that Andy Warhol might cause shouting from the back pew at a Presbyterian service. Five minutes after Hill and his party had been seated, two PGA officials marched briskly across the dining room to his table, as if to the roll of military snare drums.

continued

Apologize to the British table for using foul language, they ordered Hill. Hill replied that inasmuch as he does not consider the three-letter synonym for rump to be all that shocking, he by no means would apologize, and that if Eric Brown would step over to his table, he would show him what real cussing is.

Apologize this minute, the PGA men commanded, or you will be on the next plane home. So Hill strode to the British table and said, sarcastically, "I would like to apologize for the statement you overheard while I was speaking to my wife and friends in the doorway." Most-strous behavior, cried the British press.

For the next few months Hill managed to stay out of trouble, owing to the fact that he vacations from the tour most of the last three months of the year. But in January, at the 1970 Los Angeles Open, controversy immediately resumed its familiar place at his side. He usually had played well at Los Angeles and had developed a small Angeleno following, fans who now decided to advertise themselves as Hill's Angels. They turned up at the tournament carrying banners and wearing buttons. Horrors again. PGA officials swooped down upon them as though they were carrying Vietcong flags.

"For years," says Hill, "the galleries had Palmer signs, Nicklaus signs, Trevino signs. A few people come up with a Hill sign, and they ban signs. I've always figured that if it's Dave Hill who does something, or is involved in something, they'll come up with a reason or a ruling why it shouldn't be done. When I think about it, it's funny. I wonder what I can do next to get a rule changed or a new one adopted."

Still, except for the PGA officials he kept busy. America remained largely unaware of Hill. Previously, his only nationally telecast flare-up had occurred at the 1963 Sinatra Open where, having completed an aggravating round, he prepared to snap his putter in two on the televised 18th green. "Don't break that club," he was told by Joe Black, then tournament supervisor, "or you'll be suspended." The club never had a chance. Hill got two months.

Then, at the Open last June, when he wondered aloud whether golf architect Robert Trent Jones had read his blueprints for Hazeltine upside down, Hill engaged in Incident No. 3 and at last became a national figure. He poured it on

so heavy that Jones felt compelled to appear in the press tent to defend himself. Amid all the commotion, a sportswriter said to Hill: "What's bugging you, anyhow?" Hill replied, "You guys. You guys are bugging me. I gotta be leading a golf tournament before the press comes around. Look, anytime I'm only two or three strokes off the lead, I can win."

So the question is, did Hill batter Trent Jones and Hazeltine to attract attention?

Probably not. His complaint—namely, that for a major tournament a course had been chosen that did not reward good shots—was the graveness of a man whose pursuit of the perfect shot amounts to a religion. "It makes no difference to Dave what he scores," says Lee Trevino. "I've seen him knock a beautiful shot to within 10 feet of the pin and then three-putt for a bogey but he's not bothered a bit, because he'd hit a pretty shot." Indeed, Hill seems to derive his greatest pleasure from the practice range—"painting pictures with a ball and a club," is the way he puts it. Hour upon hour he revels in practice, his spirit soaring with the flight of the ball. "My little daughter can putt," he says, "but can she hit that high, soft fade?"

So Hazeltine's crime deserved triple the vituperation Hill might accord a mere official's ruling, for the course had forced him to play vulgar shots to stay in contention. But let it be said that a course Hill finds pleasing can evoke from him a devotion as intense as the passion that on at least one occasion has led him to methodically break an entire set of clubs over his knee.

But that was neither Incident No. 4, nor No. 5. Those were not lonely explosions; certain celebrated names were involved. The incidents are known, for catalogue purposes, as the Chi Chi Affair and the Tuthill Affair.

The former erupted during the 36-hole final day of the Kaiser Open at Napa, Calif. In 1970, Hill being paired with Chi Chi Rodriguez, the consummate showman, who at one time had roomed with him on the tournament circuit. Through the morning round Chi Chi played quietly, Hill recalls, adding pointedly that they had no gallery to speak of. But into the final 18, with the galleries thickening, Chi Chi launched into a patter that brought laughter at the tees and greens. Hill at this point stood very much in contention for the \$30,000 first prize.

Normally a fast player, he had to wait for the laughter to die down before he could drive from the fifth tee. He hooked his ball into the left rough and, while pulling down a gallery stake to clear the way for his next shot, glanced over his shoulder to find Chi Chi striking a burlesque of a batter's stance in a bunker, a rake cocked over his shoulder. Hill's ensuing shot fell short of the green. "While I'm trying to figure what to do with my chip," he says, "Chi Chi is talking to the gallery. So I said, 'Cheech, I don't mind your clowning after I've completed the hole, but I'd appreciate it if you'd wait till I've practiced.' Well, he started hollerin' so, you'd think I'd hit him in the mouth. He said, 'I don't want to play with you.' He called for an official to split us up. Right there, I should have buried my club in his head."

Intermittently through the balance of the round the two men exchanged acrid remarks. Hill fuming at the thought that he might suffer a loss of concentration that would cause him to blow the tournament. "When I came to the 18th green I was so upset I could not see the ground," he says. There he missed a 15-foot putt that would have given him a tie for first place. As he left the green, a phalanx of PGA officials swiftly packed him into a golf cart, whose driver whisked him away and drove him aimlessly around the course until his fissa came unclenched. "If I'd had my way," says Hill, speaking the sort of dialogue they do not teach at the PGA Qualifying School, "I'da killed Rodriguez. I would've just literally whipped the intestines out of him. What would have been left of Mr. Rodriguez would not have filled a cigar box."

Chi Chi made an official complaint accusing Hill of salty language, but the PGA fined Chi Chi \$200 for his antics, at the same time conferring innocence upon Hill in a switch tantamount to Senator McClellan sending a fruitcake to Jimmy Hoffa.

The Tuthill Affair, which unfolded during this February's Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, is more complex. One of Hill's tee shots had landed in a palm tree, and, being that he lacked pitons and a length of rope, he could not pluck the ball from its lodging. But he could see that it was a Tuiest 2, so he was satisfied that it was his Tuiest 2 and therefore he declared an unplayable

continued

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le and hit his next shot. At day's end, however, Jack Tuthill disqualified Hill for having failed to identify his treed ball with certainty. Anybody could have been playing a Titleist 2, Tuthill argued, concluding that Hill should have declared a lost ball and gone back to the tee—a more severe penalty. Tuthill claims it was Hill's responsibility in the beginning to mark his ball with a pen or a pencil or his fingernail, and then identify that mark on the treed ball.

"You just tell Tuthill to show you that in the book," Hill replies hotly. "Mark my ball! Listen, not 10', of the field mark their holes. Three weeks before Palm Springs, Hubert Green had a ball stuck in a tree and the officials let him take an unplayable lie. It shows I'm so good the PGA thinks I can give the field two shots a side!"

Tuthill has further said that he did not learn about the business at the palm tree until a fellow who apparently was a spectator phoned the press tent after Hill's round and wondered why he took an unplayable lie.

"Spectator? Spectator, my foot!" says Hill. "I think it was somebody playing behind me, that's what I think. Yes—some Bible thumper!"

The very notion that his integrity was now suspect causes Hill's voice to reach a level that might bring Commissioner Dey at an angry trot all the way from his Manhattan office. Noting that the PGA has since begun posting notices warning players to mark their balls, Hill roars, "They've destroyed the meaning of the game. Sportsmanship no longer exists." Martins around him tecter as Hill slams a table. "The integrity of the game no longer exists. Everybody's a crook. Oh, they've laid some stuff on me that's unreal. My 12 years out here have been fantastic."

As a matter of fact, Hill has a reputation for integrity, confirmed by Tuthill himself, that entitles him to be sensitive. Arnold Palmer's administrative assistant, Doc Griffin, recalls that in the 1964 Tournament of Champions Hill called a penalty stroke on himself when he easily could have escaped it. "He said the ball moved on him," Griffin remembers. "There was nobody near him except his caddy, and the caddy said, 'I didn't see the ball move.' I was struck by Dave's honesty, and I have never seen him do anything that did not reflect a great store of integrity." Griffin

says this, even though Hill once caused Griffin's employer to be disqualified in the Crosby by raising a technical question that led officials to find Palmer guilty of hitting an illegal shot.

Not entirely without admirers, Hill often is followed down the fairways by long-haired young men and girls wearing tattered jeans. During last year's tempestuous U.S. Open, he marched across the nation's television screens wearing mod glasses, his hair flopping in the wind, and as a result the hippies and the college set inferred that golf at last had produced a player they could relate to. The dreary fact is, says Hill, that just before the Open he had felt in need of glasses and, with his golf game in mind, simply selected the broadest lenses he could find on the shelf. "I didn't even know they were called granny glasses," he says. And then, with one swift burst that drives his newly acquired cult of collegians and hippies into the cool distance alongside double-chinned PGA officials, Hill snaps, "Listen, don't get me started on them . . ." Lately Hill has taken to trying contact lenses.

Yes, Dave Hill, the Now Generation's golf rebel, happens to be an American Square, wedded to the quaint convictions that hard work is a virtue and that parents and elders ought to be honored. When as a 16-year-old amateur he won his first tournament match, lathering a 45-year-old man 8 and 7, he was mortified for his victim, he says, that he wanted to run and hide.

His father, George Hill, supported a family of eight by simultaneously operating a small farm, working at a machine shop from 10 p.m. till 6:30 a.m. and delivering mail on a rural route till three in the afternoon. In the evening he would accompany his four sons to a golf course where, with darkness falling, he would train his automobile lights on the practice green so the boys could continue putting. Then he would buy them root beers and report for work at the machine shop. "That man probably averaged three hours' sleep a day for 10 years," says Hill. At age 58, George Hill died of emphysema. "I'd die tomorrow if they promised me I could see him," says Dave.

On the tour Hill looks around at the talented young players, who in many cases have eased into tournament life from the local country club and the college golf team, and says, "These kids out

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UNGOWED

here, they don't know," Hill started shagging balls at eight, caddied at 10, was a greenkeeper's night-shift hoseman at 15, worked in a machine shop, delivered mail and pumped gas, until at 21 he became assistant pro at the Elks Club course in Kalamazoo, Mich., at a salary of \$45 a week plus room and board at the pro's house.

Nor is he the only Hill who made it to the golf tour the hard way. Mike Hill, two years Dave's junior, served a hitch as an airman second class, drove a beer truck, labored as a farmhand and slung tires in a Goodyear plant before he arrived on the tour at age 29 with the aid of a loan from Dave. Mike won more than \$56,000 last year, including the Doral Open, and, following Dave's Hazeltine embroilment, was otherwise occupied ordering Dave's hecklers in the galleries to shut up or fight.

Because the gentleman's game of golf produces few devils to jeer, the galleries probably will continue to zero in on Dave Hill but, if the truth be known, he has not done his work with sufficient thoroughness to deserve such attention. Top players and rabbits alike, when paired with the notorious Hill, have been startled to hear him rooting their putts into the cup. He smiles on the fairways. Lee Trevino, a latecomer to the tour, pronounces him one of the most approachable of all golf's big names. "And that's not something you take for granted," Trevino says. "When I first came on the tour I went up to an established star and started small-talking about my round, and he said, 'Listen, after five o'clock I get caddie fees.'"

Lately, Hill has opened his bad-guy image to even more question by revealing a capacity for remorse, conceding that in one respect he was wrong to propose that Hazeltine be turned over to cows. "I carried it to the point of insulting the club members," he says. "So in one way I'm sorry, because I insulted people who paid good money to be members there. But to Trent Jones, I'd say the same things all over again." No real danger exists, however, that Dave Hill is about to become a perfect golfing gentleman. One day not long ago he fell to talking about the Open, speculating about Merion in generous terms. "It's an old course—probably a good track," he said. Then he reflected for a moment and added, "But the USGA will find a way to foul it up."

END

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Two beeps, a cloud of dust

Atlanta's Ralph Garr, called *Road Runner II*, is probably the world's first licensed nickname. He is also leading the majors in hitting

Behind the 375-foot mark in left field in Atlanta Stadium is a sign for a bunk credit card that proclaims, "Think of it as money." For the young man who stands in front of the sign when the Braves are in the field, "it" means batting average, and if Ralph Garr keeps on hitting, the result for him will be lots of money. After 23 games Garr's average is .400, the best in the majors, and thus, he says, "proves to me what I can do. I'm not saying I'm going to hit .400—I don't want that kind of pressure. But I have the ability to hit .300. I don't care how you pitch me. I can figure out a way to get a hit."

On his first time at bat against Gaylord Perry of the Giants last week, Garr showed one method. He bluffed a bunt on the first pitch, drawing Third Baseman Hal Lanier halfway to home. The

next pitch he bunted hard right at the charging Lanier, who overran the ball for Garr's first of four hits that night, the third game this year he has collected that many. The next time up, Garr singled off Perry's leg on a two-strike count, and seconds later he was doing a hop, skip and jump around the bases when Henry Aaron hit his 600th career homer.

Ever since Garr, a 5'11", 185-pound left-handed batter, hit "500 and change" at Grambling College (it was 568, which is a lot of breakage), his hitting and running—if not his fielding—have had the Atlanta organization drooling. Says Aaron, "They claim Mantle had speed. But Ralph gets down to first as fast as anybody I've ever seen."

Garr's speed has become something of a problem for Aaron. "I like to concentrate when I'm batting," he says, "but the pitchers throw over to first five and six times to keep Ralph close. That breaks my concentration." Aaron also sees more outside pitches than usual, since catchers want to be in throwing position if Garr tries to steal.

The Braves have taken advantage of Garr's speed, entering into an agreement with Warner Brothers Inc. and its agent, the Licensing Corporation of America, for exclusive rights to nickname their new star *Road Runner II*. "Our contract with the Braves makes Ralph the first licensed nickname to our knowledge anywhere in the world," says LCA chairman Jay Emmert. The contract also makes it illegal for any other athlete to use the nickname. Urged on by the management, Atlanta fans squeak "Beep! Beep!" when Garr reaches base.

Although he stole 63 and 39 bases in his last two years at Richmond, where he twice led the International League in batting (.329 and .386), he has not run much this season. "I don't see any sense when I've got Aaron and Cha Cha [Orlando Cepeda] behind me," he says. "My job is getting to first. Those two can worry

about the rest." Even at that he has stolen five bases in eight attempts.

Garr was supposed to challenge converted Shortstop Sonny Jackson for the center-field job, but he became the regular leftfielder when Rico Carty, last year's National League batting champion, broke his leg playing in the Dominican League. Garr played in the same league and finished with the best average ever recorded there, .457. According to Paul Richards, vice-president of the Braves, Carty may not return as a regular this season. "We can't risk it if he isn't fully recovered," Richards says. "When Carty is ready we will decide on a new lineup. I wouldn't be at all surprised to see Garr lead the world in hitting. We knew last year he was a big-league hitter. Even without his speed he would be good. But the speed gives him a chance to be a superstar. His fielding kept him at Richmond." Garr's fielding is not all that bad. Third Base Coach Jim Busby and Aaron have worked with him. He is not as aggressive in the field as he is at bat and he still makes mental errors, but these should be eliminated in time.

Even if he keeps his batting average up, Garr, who is 25, is ineligible for Rookie of the Year honors because he has had major league trials the past three seasons. He was drafted in the third round in 1967, but Garr thinks he would have gone higher if anybody had believed his Grambling batting figures. "They looked at my college average and thought it was a joke," he says. "They must have thought the pitchers were throwing underhanded. They got me cheaper than I was worth. I had the credentials but I didn't get the big money. I am the sole support of my family and I want to get paid."

Garr was a holdout this spring, but Richards says, "He signed and I don't consider him a problem." One of eight children from a Ruston, La., family, Garr is supporting his mother, his father and three of his brothers as well as his wife, Ruby, a senior at Grambling, and their 2½-year-old daughter, Sheria. "When it comes time to sign," Garr says, "they act like I batted .100. I look at my average and I think I'm Superman."

Remarkably, Garr is a bad-ball hitter, but he always seems to make contact—just three strikeouts in 95 at bats. No power swinger, he has been peppering infields and outfields with every



GARR DISPLAYS HIS AVERAGE STROKE

kind of single imaginable, including a 130-foot drag hunt to right. "Nothing is impossible," he says when people ask him if he is going to hit 400 forever. "I'll just wait for my ability to show what I can do. Sometimes I even surprise myself." Beep! Beep!

THE WEEK

by RON FIMRITE

NL EAST The great expectations for the *masa a maso* between Cy Young Award winners Tom Seaver of New York, and Bob Gibson of St. Louis collapsed into a brief encounter, the Mets clubbing Gibson with 10 hits and seven runs in 1 1/2 innings. They won 12-2. It was Gibson's earliest trip to the showers in nearly four years. Bolstered by some hot hitting from platooning first basemen Ed Kranepool and Donn Clementen, New York went on to sweep the four-game series with the Cards and climb into first place. The Cardinals' Joe Torre had his season-long hitting streak stopped in 22 games by these same Mets, but he did not walk for long. "I hope I hit in the next 100 games," he said. "We went 0 for 2 in the next day against Montreal, a team that plays well but not often. The Expos squeezed in only 15 games in April, five of them at home. Cincinnati's Billy Williams, who had been lagging lately, watched an 18-minute movie on the game's greatest hitters. Asked afterward to name a favorite, he replied, "I have to take Ted Williams." He added quickly "I mean Ted Williams." Maybe he should have meant Billy. He turned around on Saturday against Philadelphia and hit two home runs and a double and batted in four runs. Phillies Manager Frank Lucchesi does not see many stories, but he does listen to the radio. On the way to the ball park he heard a broadcast after say that the Cubs' Johnny Callison had a hot bat. He had left-handed Chris Short walk lefty Callison to get to the right-handed Ken Rodolph with two men on. The nonpercentage move worked. Rodolph bounced into a tag out. Pittsburgh's Willie Stargell hit his 11th home run in a 7-5 loss to the Dodgers, setting a major league record for the month of April.

NY 12-3 PIT 14-10 MONT 3-7
ST. L. 14-11 CHI 10-12 PHIL 7-14

NL WEST "Everybody contributes," said San Francisco's Bobby Bonds, explaining the Giants' speedy start. Few have contributed more than Bonds, who hit seven home runs

and seven doubles and batted .363 for April. The two who have contributed the least lately have been Pitchers Juan Marchal and Gaylord Perry. Marchal failed to finish his last three starts and Perry his last two during the month. It was Perry who gave up Hank Aaron's 600th home run, but the Giants beat Atlanta anyway on Willie Mays' 10th-inning single. "He's a spoiler," said Aaron. "It was supposed to be my night." It was Aaron's week. He had four homers and now is at 603. The Houston Astros enjoyed their best April ever, winning 11 games. And they started May with a 3-1 win over the Mets behind Larry Dierker's continued strong pitching. Walter Alston managed his 2,717th regular-season game for the Dodgers, thereby breaking the team longevity record held by Wilbert Robinson, but he lost to the Braves, 7-2—the 1,213th time that has happened to him. Cincinnati finally showed signs of life, winning four games in a row before losing to the Giants. The Reds avenged that loss the next day when Don Gullett pitched and won, 3-2. Gullett is the only Reds pitcher to finish a game this season, and he came within one out against the Giants of making it all the way a second time. SAN DIEGO First Baseman Nate Colbert said he would rather play in New York and Montreal "before all those big crowds" than at home "in that big, beautiful ballpark with all those empty seats." Preston Gomez, his manager, said, "We have enough problems without his saying something like that."

SF 10-8 ATL 12-11 LA 12-12
HOUS 12-13 CIN 8-12 SD 8-16

AL EAST In Washington, Ted Williams had trouble finding the silver lining. His Senators lost four in succession to the White Sox, his centerfielder was off for Barcelona, his star slugger had only two home runs and his dependable relief pitchers gave up 10 runs in one 17-pinning stretch. The one bright note, Jerry Janetski singled against the White Sox for the first hit by a Washington pitcher this season. DETROIT Manager Billy Martin had his problems, too. One of his pitchers "he wouldn't say which one" was caught guzzling a beer on the team bus after an 8-1 loss to Kansas City. "That will be \$200," Martin called back to the offender. Beer, he later explained, is permissible in the clubhouse but not on the team bus after an 8-1 loss to Kansas City. And speaking of losses to Kansas City, the once-invincible AL TIGER Orioles had beaten the Royals 23 straight times before last Friday, when they lost to them 5-4 on a single by 140-pound Fred Patek. The loss dropped the Orioles out of first place. Worse, Baltimore lost to the Royals again on Saturday, losing a 1-0 triple play by Milwaukee and moved

to the top of the division. "It was dumb base-running on my part," explained the Red Sox' George Scott, who converted an ordinary double play into three outs by bunting between third and home. "Yes," said Manager Eddie Kasko, "I spoke to him about it. Rather socially, I might add." New York was profiting from some gritty pitching by Steve Kline, a most reluctant ace. "Today I'm the ace...well, who am I kidding?" he said. CLEVELAND finished the month in first place and was put up for sale. Asking price, \$9 million.

BOST 14-5 BAL 12-8 WASH 12-12
NY 10-11 DET 10-12 CLEV 8-13

AL WEST The Oakland A's had everything going for them but fans. The team was in first place, and in 21-year-old Vida Blue it had the winningest pitcher in baseball. Yet four games with the first-place Oakland Athletics drew only 9,929 into big Oakland Coliseum. Blue shut out the Orioles on four hits before 6,998 people, then after three days' rest beat Cleveland 3-1 with 7,245 in attendance. Since his opening-day loss to the Senators, he has won six games, three by shutout. Down south the California Angels drew 42,651 spectators for Detroit and Bat Night. Many of them were still in the parking lot when the Tigers jumped on Angel starter Rudy May for four runs. Detroit won 7-4. American League Cy Young Award winner Nip Perry of Minnesota got off to a similarly bad start against Boston, giving homers to the first two batters, Luis Aparicio and Reggie Smith. One hit later, Twins Manager Bill Rigney marched to the mound. "You don't remind me much of Cy Young," he said. But Perry stayed in and won his fourth game, snapping a three-game Twin losing streak. Cedar Rapids, the KANSAS CITY general manager who almost never misses a game, had resolved on New Year's Day that the Royals were going to beat Baltimore more often in 1971. Since they had not beaten the Orioles at all last year and only once in their history, this not only seemed possible but proved to be when the Royals won Friday. Tallis, unfortunately, was away at a fund-raising event. His walkie-talkie canceled batting practice on a damp night and then quickly succeeded to a fourth batter by New York's Steve Kline. Chicago's Jay Johnstone watched Washington's Tom McCraw rob him twice with leaping catches in right field. Then Johnstone hit a run-scoring double past him in the same spot. "If he'd caught that one," said Johnstone, "I was going to cut him there after him with my bat."

OAK 12-10 CAL 14-11 KC 12-12
CHI 10-13 MINN 10-14 MIL 8-13

North Stars are the greatest

All right, so they lost. But they gave Montreal a bad scare

In the strange and wonderful Stanley Cup playoffs perhaps nothing will prove to be more surprising than Minnesota's steadfast refusal to roll over and play dead for the Montreal Canadiens. Montreal's opening seven-game triumph over defending champion Boston was electrifying enough. That the Canadiens then were extended to six games by the North Stars, fourth-place finishers in an expansion division that had never before won a single playoff game from an East team, was unreal. But it has been that kind of spring in hockey: a team wins big and then loses the next game so miserably that it seems to be another club entirely.

Consider the North Stars, down 3-2 to Montreal last week but, on the eve of what proved to be the final game, behaving as if the mighty Canadiens were in trouble. Which they very nearly were.

Although they were only one defeat away from a four-month vacation without pay, the Stars were loose. Bill Golds-worthy and Jean-Paul Parise were off in a playroom trying to master the game of Ping-Pong so they could challenge the Chinese. Bobby Rousseau and Jude Drouin were at a pool table giving poor imitations of Minnesota Fats. Goalie Gump Worsley was on the phone, as usual, and Lou Nanne was thinking about a moneymaking scheme—green hockey pucks.

"Worried?" said Rousseau. "Not us. I'd say the Canadiens are the team that's worried right now. I don't believe the Canadiens thought too much about the North Stars before this series began. Now I kind of think they know we are not a bunch of pushovers."

The Canadiens had routed Minnesota

7-2 in the first game, but then, pow! In the second game Minnesota chased the host team right out of the Forum and onto St. Catherine's Street, winning 6-3. The Canadiens, however, recovered to take the next game by the same score at Bloomington, Minn., after which the North Stars retaliated by winning 5-2. It was enough to shake a *Habron*'s faith in the truth he learned at his mother's knee: mortgage the *maison* on Montreal in the playoffs. "None of us realized they were that good," said Canadian Forward Peter Mahovlich.

Rousseau, who played with Montreal for nine years before moving to Minnesota this season, attempted an explanation of the abrupt turnabouts. "Although hockey basically is a team game," Rousseau said, "it is a game that is won by individuals. If one of our players gives 10%, more some game and one of their players gives 10%, less, then that's a 20% difference and just enough to win a game instead of losing it." What makes a player give 10%, more or less in a game? "Tradition, pride, insecurity, emotion and greed," Rousseau said.

Before the fifth game back at the Forum last Tuesday night, the Canadiens suddenly had new feelings about the troublesome young expansionists. "Now the pressure is on us," said Henri Richard. "I wasn't nervous at any time during the Boston series. Even in the seventh game I wasn't nervous because if we lost, at least we were supposed to lose. Against the North Stars it has turned around. We are the ones under pressure."

Richard started Montreal to a 6-1 victory that night when, before a face-off, he directed Mahovlich to stand at a certain spot to the right of Minnesota Goalie Cesare Maniago. Richard won the draw, deftly rolled the puck onto Mahovlich's stick, and Peter scored instantly. "I was shaking all night," Richard said. "Maybe it didn't show, but I was."

Still, the North Stars were not dead yet, and when they skated onto the ice at the Met back in Bloomington for the sixth game Thursday night, it sounded as though all Minnesota was in the stands. The Canadiens executed a neat tactical maneuver by appearing on ice at the same instant, thereby sparing themselves a round of standing boos.

The game was a rouser, and with two minutes to play, with Montreal leading 3-2, the message board suddenly flashed: NORTH STARS ARE THE GREATEST ANY-

WHERE. The Met crowd, easily the noisiest in hockey, stood and proved it for three minutes as debris was cleared from the ice. Then, with 1:46 to play, Maniago left his cage for a sixth attacker.

But the North Stars could not penetrate the Canadiens' defense. The seconds ticked away. Three ... two ... one. Hold it! The puck was in the net behind Ken Dryden. Ted Hampson had scored. The North Stars were charging onto the ice—deliriously waving their sticks. They had tied it up. The fans were standing and hugging each other. Wait! The green light was on—not the red light. The green light signals the end of a game—and the red light cannot be illuminated after the green light has flashed on. "No goal, no goal," said Referee Bill Friday, waving his hands. The North Stars protested for a moment, then slowly skated over to congratulate the Canadiens.

"Minnesota gave us a tougher series than the Bruins," declared Sam Pollock, the general manager of the Canadiens. Actually, Pollock had a tougher series than the players; a non-flyer, he had driven the 1,250 miles between Montreal and Bloomington four times.

Most of the Canadiens privately were cheering for Chicago rather than New York in that other seasaw semifinal series, because they like the playing facilities of Chicago Stadium better than Madison Square Garden's. "The Chicago ice is very smooth—almost as smooth as the Minnesota ice, which is the smoothest in the NHL," says Montreal defenseman J. C. Tremblay. "When you shoot the puck against the boards in Chicago," says Terry Harper, another defenseman, "it always comes out the same way."

The Montreal players do not like the New York ice because, as Peter Mahovlich says, "It's too soft, and when you're big and fat like me you tend to sink into it." They don't like the Garden boards, either, claiming that unevenness behind the goals occasionally sends the puck out in front of the net when normally it would stay behind.

And what about the Montreal ice? "It used to be the best in the league," says Tremblay. "but now it's too bumpy. It's very hard to make a good, flat pass on the Forum ice these days. You get chippy, bumpy ice when you hose down the surface the afternoon of a game. They do that all the time in Boston,

and now they've been doing it at the Forum, too." And what about the Montreal boards? "They're pretty dead," Harper says, "and the puck won't go around too well because they're sort of squared in the corners."

Conditions aside, one thing that has irritated Montreal throughout the playoffs has been talk about "those lucky Canadians" and "that lucky Dryden." "When you work hard," says Jean Beliveau, "you get the luck. When you say you don't have any luck, you are saying you did not work."

Dryden says luck, particularly for a goaltender, is predicated upon skill. "They say I'm lucky if I stop a screen shot or a deflection, but that's not the case. Good goalies are not lucky. They recognize situations. They see the possibility of a deflection and then spread themselves out to cover as much of the net as possible. They see a screen shot the first few feet and then move to the spot where they figure it will be. That's not luck. And it's not luck when a shooter misses what looks like a certain goal. Maybe the shooter remembers suddenly that the goalie got over very fast to get his shot the last time, so this time he rushes his shot and misses it. The goalie has done his job, that's all."

Dryden and the Canadiens undeniably were lucky on Sunday afternoon, however, when their preferred opponents in the final round—the Black Hawks—beat the Rangers 4-2 in the seventh game of a series that had put absolutely no one to sleep. Three times Chicago and New York played into overtime and it was Bobby Hull who killed New York's hopes for its first Stanley Cup in 31 years.

Hull's first lethal blow of the week fell on Tuesday, with the teams tied 2-2 in games and 2-2 on the scoreboard of a sudden-death overtime. It was a perfect face-off play, with Center Pit Martin working the puck back to Hull, who in turn drilled a low drive into the corner to the left of Goalie Ed Giacomin. Then, with the teams tied 3-3 in games and the score 2-2 in the third period on Sunday, Hull won the series for the Black Hawks with an almost identical goal. This time Lou Angella, replacing the injured Martin, drew the face-off to Hull, and Bobby fired again. The puck was past Giacomin before he could move.

And as the finals opened in Chicago the players were keeping the mortgage money in their pockets. **END**

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Pick subject to change without pause

For the first time in the history of the event, there are six teams representing five international zones competing for the Bermuda Bowl, symbol of the World Team Championship now getting under way in Taiwan. Also for the first time, two of these teams are ours, making North America the favorite to retain the bowl that the Dallas Aces captured last year in Stockholm after a 16-year American victory drought.

Primed by an overwhelming win in the national Vanderbilt Cup championship (51, April 12), the Dallas team, now known formally as The Aces, is expected to put up a strong defense of its world title. Our second North American entry, a team spearheaded by seasoned Lew Mathe with experienced internationalist Lee Hazen as nonplaying captain, is considered by many to be almost as strong, despite a disappointing Vanderbilt showing.

But this is not to suggest that an American triumph on May 16, the day of the world championship finals, is a sure thing. Of the remaining four contenders, only Brazil and the host Far East team can be regarded as true long shots. Both France and Australia, the newcomer to the scene, must be conceded a chance to upset either or both American teams on a head-to-head basis.

On paper the French look very impressive, especially with the return to action of Pierre Jals and Roger Trézel, once acclaimed as Europe's most formidable pair. One might select them to take it all, except for the fact that in the past the French have frequently turned out to be no more than paper tigers.

NORTH	
♦ K 2	
♥ A 5 4 3	
♦ A 10 4	
♠ A 8 4 2	
WEST	
♦ J 8	
♥ Q 5 7 6 2	
♦ K 9 7	
♠ Q 9 3	
SOUTH	
♦ Q 10 7 6 5 4	
♥ A 6	
♦ J 5	
♠ K 8 7	

Contract: 4 spades
Opening lead: 6 of hearts

One ace to trump in Taiwan

If there is to be an upset of the Americans, I'll be a sentimentalist and suggest that the Australians are the knives to watch in Taipei. This is the Aussies' first Bermuda Bowl try, although they have twice participated in the World Team Olympiad, the quadrennial alternate to the world championships. In fact, Australia looked like a surprise finalist in the 1968 Olympiad until the late-round illness of one of its best players, Dick Cummings, caused the team to lose its momentum.

Since then a young third pair has been added to the squad, Jim and Norma Borin, the first married couple ever to take part in the Bermuda Bowl event. (Norma becomes the third woman to play for the world title, preceded by Helen Sobel in 1937, '57 and '60 and Dorothy Hayden in 1965.) Cummings is back, along with Dennis Howard and Roelof Smilde. And finally there is Australia's best player, one to be reckoned with, Tim Seres.

Bridge experts have long been impressed by the brilliance of Seres' play. As an example, consider the deal shown below, taken from a match in which the Aussies defeated a powerful American team that toured Australia last year.

In one room Australia's North-South pair tried to make three no trump from the North hand. East opened a diamond, North took West's king with the ace, led a heart to dummy and a spade to the king and ace. East continued with another low diamond, leaving West with a third diamond to return if later he was able to win a trick. Declarer played the percentages when he came to his hand with a club and took a losing finesse to West's jack of spades, but the contract was defeated.

At the other table, Americans Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson reached the more comfortable contract of four spades, played from the South hand. Jordan, the declarer, won the heart lead, played a spade to the king, taken by East's ace and won the heart return. He crossed to dummy's club ace in order

to take the same losing spade finesse, but when Seres, who was sitting West, won with his jack, he was hard put to find an effective lead from this position:

NORTH	
♦ 8 5	
♥ A 10 4	
♦ A 4 2	
WEST	
♦ Q 9 7	
♥ K 9 7	
♠ Q 9	
EAST	
♦ 9	
♥ Q 8 6 3 2	
♠ 10 6	
SOUTH	
♦ Q 7 6 5	
♥ J 5	
♠ K J	

A club lead would solve South's problems and let him make five odd when the clubs split and gave him a parking place for his losing diamond. A heart return, which would be ruffed by South, would enable declarer to cash the club king and lead the jack to establish dummy's fourth club for a diamond discard. And finally a low diamond return would be ducked to East's queen as South dumped the jack, unblocking for a later diamond finesse that would succeed even if South did not bother to play a winning squeeze.

But the commentators had no sooner completed this analysis, deciding that Jordan was sure to make the hand, when Seres made a stunning lead, the king of diamonds. Now it did not matter what declarer did, he could not make the contract. If he won and took the club finesse, he would go down one, losing two spades, a diamond and a club. If declarer won and returned a diamond toward his jack instead, East would put up the queen and return a club through declarer's K-J, also for down one. Finally, if declarer refused to win the ace of diamonds, a second diamond lead would produce the same result. And that is the kind of play that can turn the tables in a world championship. **END**

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This spring isn't very green

Four minor league teams in Texas are playing when nobody else is, and although history is being made, the same can't be said about money

It must have seemed like fall came real early to Texas this year. On April 25 the San Antonio Toros, who may well be the best pro football team in the country outside of the NFL, began their season by whopping the Fort Worth Braves 38-21. It was the first game of the Trans-American League, a spring pro football league composed of Dallas (the Rockets, not the Cowboys), Texarkana, Fort Worth and San Antonio, which barely makes it Trans-Texas.

"You are seeing history made," Henry Hight, the Toros' principal owner, said the day of the game. In saner moments, Hight is a partner in an auto-parts business in San Antonio. He has owned the Toros for four years, during which time the club has compiled a 64-10 record and has been perennial champion of the Texas League, in which it plays, more prosaically, in the fall.

"I think we could give an NFL team a good game," said Hight. "I don't say we could beat Baltimore at its best, but we'd do O.K. against some of the others. But they won't play us. We had a game lined up against the Houston Oilers a couple of years ago. They decided against it at the last moment."

He looked up into the stands of San Antonio's Northeast Stadium, where the game was to be played. A sprinkling of fans had filed in; Northeast seats 10,200 and by game time it was roughly half full—at a \$6 top.

The Trans-American League is playing a nine-game schedule ending June 26. As an article in the Toros' program puts it, "Why?" The answer: "1) By playing football in the spring and early summer, the Toros will not be competing with the dozens of other high school, college and pro teams in the area. This lack of competition we believe will be reflected in larger crowds. 2) Recognition for the team and league. This is the first bona fide attempt to play spring football. The Toros feel this will bring added local, state and national attention. 3) For the players' benefit. The spring season will end at approximately the same time NFL camps are opening. It will allow the better players in the league to move directly on to NFL camps."

"We got two players who will have a tryout with Oakland this year," Hight said. "Joe Lewallen, a defensive tackle, and Jerry Oliver, an offensive tackle. I



SAL OLIVAS OF SAN ANTONIO TOROS GETS SET TO THROW A PASS IN SEASON OPENER

think they can play in the NFL. We don't have as many good players as the NFL does, but we got some just as good. I don't know why they call us 'minor.' Who's to say what's minor and what's major? The NFL owners? What happened to the American dream, where anybody can start small and build big?"

Hight's dream is to get an NFL franchise. Failing that, he would like to expand the Trans-American League and make it a third major league. "San Antonio is the 15th largest city in the country," he said. "Who's to say we can't support a major league team?"

Hight once flirted with the idea of jumping north of the border. "I talked to the commissioner of the Canadian League," he said. "He was interested. We could have worked out the travel all right. It could have been a hell of a deal. When word got out I was interested, I must have got 100 phone calls from Americans in the Canadian League wanting to come to the Toros. But the owners in Canada got a little leery. They figured they'd get beat because I'd get all the Americans and they've got quotas

on how many Americans they can use. I told them I'd play a quota of Canadians, but it didn't work out. What I figured was, why should I get run out of my own country?"

Despite his ambitions, Hight is no NFL fan. "I'd like to shoot 'em," he

continued



TOROS OWNER HIGHT BEGAN AT BOTTOM



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PRO FOOTBALL continued

said, meaning the owners. "We're all competing for the dollar and they won't play us. How good are they, anyway? I used to be in love with the Chicago Bears, and I figured when they played AFL clubs they'd kill 'em. But Kansas City murdered the Bears."

"I'm like a mouse fighting an elephant. I try all kinds of gimmicks to put some butts in those seats. I offered O. J. Simpson \$15,000 a game to play for us. He asked me did I have the money and I said yes. I had to say yes, even if I didn't. It got a lot of ink."

Hight has plans to get more ink when the Dallas Cowboys and the Houston Oilers play their annual exhibition game this summer. "They say it's for the Texas pro championship," he said. "I'm going to show up on the field with my club suited up and say, 'How about us?' I'll buy tickets for the players if I have to. They can't throw us out."

Many Toros have had NFL tryouts but only Tackle George Ganser of Denver has made it. Quarterback Sal Olivas, who led the NCAA in total offense with New Mexico State in 1967, had trials with the Cowboys and the Bears but was turned down for medical reasons.

"I have an undeveloped vertebra in my back," he says. "I've talked to three orthopedic surgeons and they say it's all right to play, my back is strong. Maybe I'll sign a waiver on a back injury and see if they'll give me another shot."

One Toro tackle would just as soon stay where he is. "Every time I make a lot of money, my wife joins me," he says. "That's no problem here."

Alfredo Avila, a very good defensive back, also wants to remain in San Antonio, but his hangar is big cities. "I was raised in Donna, Texas," he says. "That's 7,000 people. I went up to the Redskins for a trial and the big city made me nervous. So I came home."

"We play for fun," says Jerry Betts, a 5'8", 150-pound running back. He is an Air Force captain stationed at Lackland AFB outside San Antonio, and he has been in the minors for eight years. "The money doesn't matter," he says. "This is a ball."

The Toros and the Braves played like they were having fun, which is a good thing, because they were making only about \$100 a man. The football was crisp, quick and exciting and the fans

showed their appreciation by shouting—a bit ambiguously—"Ole!"

Until he tired late in the game, Olivas threw very well. He had two interceptions in the second half and made the tackles on the interceptions, which can develop your vertebrae.

The Toro defensive line averages 257 pounds a man, and it put great pressure on the Brave passers, wiping out one of them. Tackle Marc Allen, a wine salesman, has a fine initial charge plus moves; Lewallen is quick; Defensive End Bill Grindle would probably be playing for Denver if he hadn't refused to have his congenitally deformed elbow operated on; and Defensive End Clarence (Big Dog) Miles had a tryout with Green Bay a few years ago, but that was in the heyday of Willie Davis and Lionel Aldridge.

George Pasterback, the Toros' coach, doubles as business manager. Lately he has had more to do as coach. In the spring the players are paid on shares of the gate, as are the officials. "A player like Sal Olivas will get, say, 2½ shares," Pasterback says. "A lineman may get one or a little more. The gate is split 75% for the players, the rest for the clubs."

"Seven thousand, I break even," Hight said after the game. "Ten thousand, I make money. But this was the end of Fiesta Week [San Antonio's answer to Mardi Gras]. A lot of people were tired and they had spent a lot of money. If we play on Saturday night after a normal week, we'll get the 10."

"Why doesn't the NFL come to a man with experience? Like our ballplayers. They go to camp with an NFL club, they've been hitting, playing, they got experience. I'd like to have a league like this for owners. Teach them to lose money so when they come in they're used to it. When I read in the paper the Toros were for sale, I hid for them and I had lots of people coming round saying they were good for 10, 20 thousand. Then it came to the nitty-gritty and there were maybe three, four left. Training camp for owners would be good. I been through it and I know. How come the NFL doesn't know that? They made mistakes I could name but I won't."

Hight watched the last of the fans get into their cars. "Maybe next time I'll let them in free and sell parking space for two bucks a car," he said.

ON?

END

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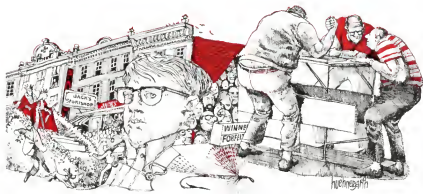
Of Arms



Cherry blossom and pickerei and cotton and strawberry and Frisbee festivals, all celebrations of good spirit and the bounty of the land, are red-white-and-blue-letter days, occasions when Americans parade their prides and prejudices. Among the

many traditional U.S.A. spring rites are the National Trout Festival in Kalkaska, Mich. and the World Wrist-Wrestling Championship in Petaluma, Calif. What follows are two accounts of the hokum and merriment at these vernal commemorations

AND THE MEN WE SING



CONTINUED

A PLASTER TROUT IN WORM HEAVEN

by Jim Harrison

I admit I woke up grouching; a lek from my Airedale pup Hud, named Hud to offend all people of good taste, did little to improve my mood. I reached up to the radio from the floor where I must sleep forever, since a thousand-yard tumble while bird hunting savaged my spine. A newsmen was reporting the accidental death of Herb Shriner, my favorite boyhood comedian. A girl in New York City once told me I talked like Herb Shriner. It takes many generations of rural indigence to make a Herb Shriner voice, long evenings of pinochle around a kerosene stove trying to pick up Chicago on a \$10 radio. There was a light

rain against the windows, and I thought of a statement once made by a statistician to the effect that Michigan receives less sunlight than any other state.

I walked out to the barn and tried to look at Lake Michigan—on a clear day, few though there may be, you can see over 30 miles, way out beyond the Manitou Islands. And the hills are conceivably full of the sound of music. Because of the obtuse presence of the media, I often think of myself as living within a giant, beautiful, scale-model cigarette commercial. I sang a few bars of *It's Great to Live in the Great Lakes Country*. The landlord looked at me quizzically from a tool shed. I waved. No time for embarrassment. I was going to a festival.

There appear to be a lot of small hat stores around here, I say to myself, perhaps unfairly, entering the hotel bar in Kalkaska (pop. 1,475). One learns to mistrust locations where even a good hamburger is not available. But the drinks are extremely large and cost only 50¢. Getting drunk here would be punching inflation right in the nose. The man sitting on the stool next to me in the crowded room announces himself as a former marine.

"Once a marine, always a marine!" I reply, attempting to placate his obvious hostility. The same may be said of Harvard graduates. They simply never let you forget.

Then the marine says, "If you don't love it, leave it," quoting the great Merle Haggard tune and eyeing my rather trim Pancho Villa mustache. His lips are flecked and stained with one of those nostrum-tried to combat stomach acid.

"Leave what?"

"The U.S. of A."

"I looove it," I say rolling my blind eye counterclockwise, one of the few skills I picked up in college.

"Damn agax," he replies, drinking deeply. Beer drizzles down onto his faded fatigue shirt.

"Do you favor the cattle prod as a fish-

ing weapon?" I say, taking out my little steno pad and turning to him on the bar stool. He shrugs and leaves.

I reflect on the pioneer spirit and how it made our country what it is, and the odious Bumpoism that emerges for events like the National Trout Festival. The slogan of this year's festival, the 34th annual, is "This Land Is Your Land—This Is My Country," which is typical of the sort of hysterical chauvinism and contradictory rhetoric one finds in rural hard hats. At Jack's Sportshop, where the fish in the contest are to be weighed in, flag decals are for sale. It brings back all those articles I've read in the past 20 years celebrating the sportsman as a modern conquistador.

WE FIST-FOUGHT BIEBER'S LAMB-MAD LUNKER TROUT

"It seems that I was asked to go up in the High Lonesome with Bob, Bob Sr. and Bob Jr., partners in a Dairy Whip-Insurance-Real Estate-Kapok Flailing operation in a little town next to the Big Woods in our state. We left at dawn after a hearty breakfast of fresh country eggs, country flapjacks, country bacon and country toast, all washed down with many cups of hot black java. I sat in the back of the mifty camper with the three white police dogs that would be used to guard us against these terrors of the local woodlots, porcupines. The dogs were named Rin and Rin Tin and Rin Tin Tin to keep things simple. Next to a bolstered .375, Bob Jr. wore a machete that he claimed made an excellent fish priest. We were towing a boat and an all-terrain vehicle and in addition had brought along four trail bikes, a dozen vaquero rifles of various calibers, fishing gear and a case of good old snake bite medicine . . . yuk yuk yuk . . ."

This might be called the brown-shoe-white-sock syndrome and as, I fear, the predominant attitude of fishing- and hunting-license buyers.

In what might be called the town square of Kalkaska, except that nearly





all of the town is on one side and the railroad tracks are on the other, there is a statue. Not a Confederate general, a Union general, an Indian chief, a bronzed howitzer or a limp tank. It is a trout. I am told that it is a brook trout, and it is nearly 20 feet high. Curled and flexed, its enraged plaster strikes out of the smallish fountain at an imaginary giant fly, or more likely a worm dangling from worm heaven. Actually the fish looks like a cross between a smelt and a noray eel, or a sick alewife with a tinge of green creeping along the dorsal and the dread death spots beginning to appear.

But that is not the point. People passing on Route 131 may glance to the right and see the fish and muse aloud, "This is fishing country." The trout is continually bathed by water jets, but today there is a malfunction in the fountain. I cross the street with Cliff and Clint to see what's wrong. Clint Walter is to receive the Citizen of the Year award and is a benign and dedicated conservationist. Cliff Kimball is the president of both the festival and the chamber of commerce and is an unabashed booster. It seems the pump hole for the fountain is filling with water and if something is not done immediately the electric motor will short out. Cliff says it took a lot of pancake suppers to build this trout shrine. In small towns in Mich-

igan, and probably elsewhere, pancake suppers, perch fries, ox roasts, chicken gizzard barbecues, square dances and raffles are used to raise money for statues, PTA tea services, bank uniforms and school trips, like sending the senior class to Chicago or to Milwaukee on the *Clipper*. Anyway, the fountain is fixed after some tinkering. Emergency ended. The fountain will spray throughout the festival.

The fire whistle blows and Cliff and Clint hasten off, both members of the volunteer fire department. The bandstand, with its red, white and blue bunting, is deserted. I climb up the steps and walk to the microphone. My chance! There is a crowd slowly assembling for what the program calls Youth on Parade, with floats, pets, clowns, bands and attractions. I feel like the dictator of British Honduras and have a dark desire to bray some nonsense, such as, "The trout on my left is rabid" or "The war is over!" But I recognize my urge as literary and blush.

I spot a man I watched a week ago in Leland snagging steelhead with gang hooks, a custom a bit more stealthy and subtle—and popular—than old-fashioned dynamite or gillnetting. I could yell at the oaf and expose him, but then the point would be missed on the gathering crowd, which now numbers at least 200. Cliff mentioned that approximately 70,000 people would be here or "in the area," as many as attend the Shenandoah Apple Festival but not nearly as many as are said to attend the Traverse City Cherry Festival. There are fibbers afoot in the heartland.

It is a glorious day, the mildest opening of the trout season to come to mind. A few years ago I sat huddled on the banks of the Manistee with a mixture of snow and sleet flying in my face, my hands red and numb from tying on streamers and the guides on the rod icing up every few casts. The first day always seems to involve resolute masochism; if it isn't unbearably cold, then the combination of rain and warmth man-

ages to provide maximal breeding conditions for mosquitos, and they cloud and swarm around your head, crawl up your sleeves and down your neck despite the most potent and modern chemicals. Early in the season the water is rarely clear, making wading adventuresome. The snags and deeper holes become invisible to a fisherman. You tend to forget that stretches of familiar water can change character within a year's time—last season's safe eddy below a pool measures a foot above the water tops this spring, surely the coldest, wettest foot conceivable.

I walk over to the chamber of commerce office and have coffee with Cliff. He is pleased pink about the weather. Questioned about the crowd possibilities, he replies obliquely. He says that Kalkaska is the smallest town in Michigan with a full-time chamber president. He allows as how his duties are so pressing, he does not have time for trout fishing—perhaps a little pike fishing later in the season in the Upper Peninsula when "things slow down." I reflect on this. It would be hard to create a slower village. Driving around Kalkaska County, you are reminded of those Jon-

continued



athan Winters routines involving a hound with a bald tail sleeping near a gas pump and chickens scratching in a bare yard. But such places have an undeniable charm nowadays. Much of the popularity of country music is, surely, due to nostalgia for those drowsy days when "We didn't have much, but we had fun."

The village is beginning to fill. Some of the people are farmers in bib overalls on their traditional Saturday visit to town with their pickups full of sacks of feed and groceries. But there are many out-of-county and out-of-state license plates, and the bars and restaurants are full. I talk to dozens of people, and their reasons for coming are varied, ranging from "I never missed one" to "I like the parade" to "A chance to visit the home town."

Everyone seems to know everyone else, but this is the sort of camaraderie caused by good weather and the prospect of a parade. It occurs to me that nothing really happens at a festival, no daring feats of excellence, but that no matter how artificial the point of celebration might be, these events provide entertainment, an excuse to go someplace, a break in what up here is the arduous process of making a living. Now that much of our countryside is less intensively agricultural, festivals compete with county fairs in popularity. A great number of misplaced farmers have gone south to the factories of Flint, Grand Rapids, Lansing and Detroit, and they look for any excuse to return to the country with their aluminum campers and pale city children dressed in what are considered locally as outrageous costumes.

I decide to take a short tour of the streams to see how the fishermen are doing. There are three reasonably good trout rivers within 20 miles of Kalkaska: the small Rapid, the medium-sized Boardman and the large Manistee. In addition, inside of a two-hour drive you can reach the Pigeon, Sturgeon, Black, Au Sable, Betsie, Platte, Pere Marquette and Pine, plus innumerable smaller creeks. A large stretch of the Au Sable has been brought back from relatively

degenerate conditions by an organization called Trout Unlimited, which is the fly fisherman's court of last resort. This provides adequate fishing for all but the most adamant whiners, among whom I number myself.

I was horrified in Livingston, Mont. last year to hear Joe Brooks, the famous angler, say that Michigan fishing was fine. After all, I had traveled nearly 2,000 miles to hit the honey buckets. There is no question that the streams are not what they were, say, before 1955. The reasons are the usual ones—newly developed resorts, cottagers, road build-



ers, oil interests, industrial effluents, virulent pesticides.

None of these need cause irrevocable damage, but getting government aid is difficult. Other forms of fishing—trotting for lake trout and coho salmon, for example—have a larger constituency and command a larger share of the money and the attention of the state's Department of Natural Resources. And so, the charter business is booming and the boat manufacturers are happy. Large coho and Chinook are being caught in quantity, and it is difficult to begrudge their advocates the fun of catching them, though trotting seems to me a desperately boring form of fishing. The coho, however, have disturbed the steelhead fishing by jamming the mouths of rivers emptying into Lake Michigan with spawning fish in their death throes.

All the fishermen encountered on the Boardman complain about the warm and sunny weather except a young boy who

has three nice browns about 14 inches apiece. Most of the anglers are using worms, and none flies. I drive over to Sharon (pop. two or three, seriously) on the Manistee. The story is the same—too much heat and light. It has often troubled me that, no matter, truly cunning fishermen invariably catch fish. Their methods must be plastic and unconstrained, perhaps unsporting. During July and August on the Boardman, when I mostly catch spiritless hatchery fish, a few crafty old men catch large browns by chumming the stream with quarts of grasshoppers, then placing a small hook to make one of the bugs a fatal meal. Though effective, this seems, to my way of thinking, a bit low.

Ernest Hemingway fished the Boardman as a young man and complained in a letter home that the swiftness of the water made wading difficult. I think this was part of the novelist's imagination because there were, even in his time, four dams on the last 20 miles approaching Traverse City. The final two-mile stretch is now murky and exudes a shameful stench. And it is not simply a matter of saying that things "aren't what they used to be," which is neither helpful nor interesting. I am privately in favor of the death penalty for any form of pollution not speedily rectified. If you are keen on trout fishing, I advise that you log thousands of hours a summer because the signs, short of radical ecological surgery, point to its demise.

When I return from my streamside tour around noon, Kalkaska is choked with people, though a wombat most assuredly can choke on a single kernel of corn, and I have no idea how many people there are. I park in a shady residential district and walk the five or six blocks to the center of town. The lawns are neat, the houses modest but in good repair. What do people do? Take in each other's laundry and throw festivals? Our land is full of incomprehensible wonder, and naysayers should be rasped.

On Main Street, Cliff is up on the bandstand in a boater and a string tie. Hank Snow's country music blares from a public-address system that tweets and howls

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and screeches, drowning out the lyrics. Cliff makes some garbled announcements. He is a mixture of booster and carnival barker. I remember he once lured the International Sled Dog Races to Kalkaska for the slow winter months.

Perhaps in an age heavily flavored with the artificial and the often very distant spectator sport, a celebration of trout or dog is a good thing despite the heavy dosage of sheer hokum. A Silent Majority spring rite laced with streaks of yokel patriotism.

In front of the hardware store there is a kindly old man who tells me that many years ago a rainbow weighing over 20 pounds, caught at Bailey's Rapids, won the contest. Bailey's Rapids is a stretch of the upper Manistee near Life Lake and not far from town. I have fished the area with some eagerness. It is unlikely that this fast, shallow stretch of water can offer good fishing much longer; too many cabins have been built on its banks in the past decade. The waters will inevitably degenerate from seeping septic tanks.

I feel melancholy reading the Official Program, which announces such events as a canoe race, a children's fishing derby, the opening of a midway, a horse race, a Grand Royal Parade and one last item, a Buick Opel Paint-In. I plan avoiding the latter but allow my mind to revolve wildly around its possibilities. I begin to think *numbly* of the many small communities in Michigan that throw one sort of festival or another to draw dollars before winter sets in. (Climate may soon be no hindrance; a few months ago there was a snowmobile festival.) We have a Bean Queen, a Strawberry Queen, a Cherry Queen, a Smoked Pickler Queen, an Alpenfest Queen and a Red Flannel Queen from Cedar Springs, whom I am to meet later today. The new Trout Queen is Pat Christin, an appropriate name for a lovely girl from the north country. I wonder if in the swine provinces of Iowa they have a Pig Queen. Or if somewhere in our country there is a simple Queen Queen. And do they have Queens in England other than the honest-to-God one?

At lunch there are many local politicians, and virtually everyone is applauded and gets an award except me. The fried trout is good. Fred Bear of Bear Archery is announced King of the Festival, and there is a hearty round of applause for King Fred and Queen Pat, who sit together in purple robes with bright yellow paper crowns. Fred Bear has slain elephant, grizzly, polar bear and Cape buffalo with bow and arrow; he looks gaunt and fatigued, like a member of displaced nobility or an actual sultan at a Shriner convention.

There is an interminable speech by a state fish-and-game department representative. He says that statistics show Americans spend more on outdoor recreation than they do on the Vietnam War. The comparison is boggling. We are told his department is doing a "yeoman's job" taking care of the resources that the "Omnipotent Being" and "mother nature" have given us.

During the Grand Royal Parade, I count 56 floats. Floats represent something truly inscrutable in our culture, and you may want to draw some conclusions of your own from this sampling: the Sheriff of Lake County, King Fred and Queen Pat, a state senator, a team of sled dogs, three mobile homes (just plain mobile homes), a church bus with a banner proclaiming HEAVEN OR HELL, an old car, the National Ice and Snow Queen, a garden tractor with an STP sticker, an old plow, three marines, a large papier-mâché Holy Bible, the Kalkaska Sno-Packers (snowmobile club), the Missaukee County Dairy Princess, a posse mounted on horseback, the Liars Club.

I walk to Jack's to check on the fish entered in the contest. A Reverend Glick has entered a fine steelhead, and there are several good catches of browns, though one entry is suspiciously uniform and might have been caught at a planted trout pond. (When the dog days of August are around and the fishing is slow, it is great sport sneaking through the woods and poaching private ponds. I usually take along a bottle of whiskey for courage.) Looking at the pastor's

steelhead it occurs to me that an energetic and expert fisherman could catch in one day coho, Chinook, steelhead, rainbow, lake brown and brook trout within 50 miles of Kalkaska.

While driving home after a fine, though terribly honky concert by Hank Snow, I begin to dream about what the caddis hatch will be like this year. I open the car window and restructure Carl Sandburg by yelling "The People, No!" into the American night. Then I become humble, remembering a few weeks before blowing a cast to a world-record tarpon that was hanging still in a clear green pool not 30 feet from the boat. This is akin to missing the TV across the living room with a shotgun loaded with No. 8 birdshot. My partner and quasi-guide screamed and threw a pet until I became a small, very warm blob of molasses on the boat seat. I would return to Big Pine Key only in a full Groucho Marx mask.

The night is unseasonably warm for April, perfect for the spring absurdity that I had just witnessed. Tomorrow Kalkaska can count its change in peace. Everything has been talked about except the lowly trout. It may as well have been a Frisbee Gala, but that is held in July in Copper Harbor.



ARTISTS IN THE PEANUT GALLERY

by Rosalyn Drexler

Bill Soberanes, a columnist for the *Argus-Courier*, recalls the first wrist-wrestling contest in Petaluma, Calif. "It was held in Mike Galardi's bar," he says. "A quiet place, damp and shady like a cellar, illuminated for the occasion by a single 250-watt light bulb. It was back in 1953. The building should have been preserved as a landmark, but now we have a branch of the Bank of America where Mike's bar used to be. Jack Homel, a trainer for the Detroit Tigers, was vacationing here at the time, and we induced him to grapple with Oliver Kullberg, a 200-pound rancher who was supposed to be the strongest man in Sonoma County. The match went on for three minutes; the ref called it a draw. The table collapsed under their weight."

Arm-to-arm combat. Sweat and violent bursts of energy. Right arms pumped full of blood, biceps bulging out of short-sleeved shirts. The site of the present championship is the Veterans Memorial Building, a cavernous old hall in the hen house of America. Petaluma, self-proclaimed Egg Capital of the World, and now exalted by the public proclamation of Governor Ronald Reagan ("Be it known by all these present . . .") as the Wrist-Wrestling Capital of the World, too. The city is a mecca by default, since it is the only place the wrist-wrestling championships have ever been held.

The wrist wrestler's motto is "Raw Strength and Courage," but the fact is that anyone with an arm and opposable thumb can take part in the sport. In *Millions Dollar Legs*, a 1932 film featuring Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Hugh Herbert, the affairs of the nation were settled by wrist wrestling: Hugh

Herbert, Secretary of the Treasury, was matched against W. C. Fields, the President (stutterer vs. mutterer). Herbert lost. In *The Old Man and the Sea*, the old man grappled for something like 24 hours with an opponent in a Cuban bar—certainly nothing like the slambang bursts at Petaluma. Charles Schulz, creator of the comic strip *Peanuts*, made Petaluma's barroom competition internationally famous by sending Snoopy to enter the championship a couple years ago. Snoopy was disqualified because he did not have a thumb.

Veterans Memorial Building, 1094 Petaluma Blvd. South, seats 3,000 and is spotlessly clean. You could eat off the floors—or the walls and ceiling if you happen to be a human fly. A few hours before the wrist-wrestling matches, a group of war mothers gathers, smelling of lavender and Johnson's Baby Powder, wearing patriotic red, white and blue pompons on their shoulders. It is apparently their regular meeting. They sit on baby-blue folding chairs. White cones in the ceiling shed soft light on them through circular metal grids. I come upon the women in my search for the wrist wrestlers. I cause a stir and back out carefully.

Finally I locate the weigh-in room. The contestants are lined up, fully clothed—five pounds off for garments. I speak to a contestant named Bill Rhodes, nicknamed The Colossus of Rhodes. Actually he is a lightweight (in a class for men up to 175 pounds). He is in his 20s, has short hair with long sideburns and sits across from me at a card table. He is dressed in jeans, cowboy boots and a thick belt secured by a heavy silver buckle. His hidden brute force is belied by his voice. He speaks in a



quiet manner. It is obvious that he takes the championship very seriously.

"My first year out here I spent six weeks training," he says. "I started out at 196 pounds. In those days I was living and working out with Jim Pollock, the middleweight champ. He suggested I go into this arm-wrestling thing. I wasn't too excited about it, but I went to the gym with him and tried it with some of the fellows around my weight and did real well. I figured it would be best to compete as a lightweight—I'd have a better chance in that class—so in a month and a half I had to lose 21 pounds but somehow maintain the strength I had. I managed to make the weigh-ins and took second place. That was two years ago.

"Last year I started my workouts earlier. I had less weight to lose because I kept it down during the year. But my training process was interrupted by my job. I'm a transportation engineer—a truck driver. Mostly short hauls. At the championships I went down swinging. I really had a good fight with this kid Mike Dolcini from Petaluma. We fought for quite a while, and it was a matter of endurance. Finally we lost grips because of the sweat on our hands. It was the first time I'd ever seen this happen. We had to begin over. It was an even start, neither one got the jump, and we just fought and fought and fought, and finally I could just feel my arm fading. And

at that point my 12-year-old brother could have put me down. I just stood there and watched the arm go down."

To get himself ready for this year's contest, Rhodes says he has tried to immerse himself in the environment. "But all week long I've had to turn my mind off because I just start getting fresky," he continues.

"Last year I was so excited for the guy that won—he had beaten me in an earlier match—I ran up and put my arms around him and shook his hand. It was different the year before when I took second place. That time I was depressed, feeling that I had lost unfairly. I was fighting in the finals against a guy who didn't look like he would be difficult. But he looked very fast on his start. So when the ref started us, I wanted to get a jump; but I relaxed just before he said go, lost the jump, and when I tried to recover I pulled my elbow out and the referee gave it to the other guy. Well, I was disappointed, but not upset because I knew I could have beaten this guy."

There are few other sports in which a

man is so completely alone. The boxer has his handlers to sponge him off and give him advice between rounds. He can come back strong after losing a few rounds; he has time. But the wrist wrestler has won or lost in a matter of seconds. A man risks explosive defeat under the spotlight. Manhood is at stake. He may be king in his own environs but, when, in a second or two he is reduced to nothing in front of those who have considered him indestructible.

David DeVoto, secretary to the World Wrist-Wrestling Championship, shows the new table that has just arrived and is being installed, and on which the wrestlers will compete. It stands like an ancient instrument of torture on the darkened stage. DeVoto circles it, lecturing: "It is a sophisticated piece of equipment, electrically wired. Let's say we're wrist wrestling. I get a better advantage and your arm goes down. I am the winner. The white winner's light goes on. But if my elbow leaves this rubber disk a red light goes on, registering a default. The top of the table is padded plas-

tic, below it are rubber mats on which the contestants stand so they do not slip. The whole contraption is to be bolted in place on the stage."

"Have you ever tried to bolt the contestants to the floor?" I ask. Penny-arcade robots flash through my mind, men of metal activated by a coin, repeating their movements infinitely, playing out other games under glass: basketball, hockey, baseball. The trapped competitors spurred on their apathetic way by chance patrons.

"Don't have to," DeVoto says. "Besides, in the heat of battle a man is liable to be lifted right off his feet—wouldn't want the floor to go with him."

Across the street is a place identified only by a neon sign reading now, the final 1, having burned out. The place is crowded and hamburgers are sizzling. The bowling alley smells like fried fat. A lone basketball fan is watching an NBA championship game on television in the bar. The principal topic of conversation around the bowling alley is wrist wrestling, although there is some talk about an upcoming demolition derby at the Petaluma Fairgrounds.

I happen on a local rancher dressed up to play the part of the legendary Paul Bunyan. His function at the wrist-wrestling event is to provide comic relief. On cue he will rush on stage with his ax and holler "Timber." That is his whole act.

Back at the auditorium. It is now 8:30, half an hour past the promised starting time. Suddenly *The Star-Spangled Banner* cuts through the din and the sellout crowd rises to honor the flag, which hangs, stage rear, behind the contestants.

Master of Ceremonies Jim Payne, in a Parsley, black-on-red dinner jacket over ruffled shirt, warns the audience. The band plays *Roll Out The Barrel*, and M.C. Payne shouts: "Stop the music! Wow! Welcome to Chukaluma. I mean Petaluma. It used to be the chicken capital of the world, but now . . ."

"Let's get the show on the road . . . bring 'em on!" a shrill female voice calls.

continued





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Festivals continued

Other voices join hers and a young boy blows into a kazoo, giving M.C. Payne the raspberry.

"O.K., folks. O.K. I can understand your eager and spirited impatience. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we have young men coming from all over the world to express themselves on the stage tonight in superendurance and superstrength, and I think these fellows who come here tonight to participate deserve a hand before they even get started. Let's give them a big hand!"

A television crew from San Francisco, 40 miles to the south, films the action. A sound man with a microphone crouches near the table to record the clash of battle. Blinding spotlights are focused at each end of the stage, catching part of the audience and making these people flinch. During the first match the table goes berserk, signaling decisions that bear no relation to the actual contest. Both contestants win, or both lose, or the winner loses, or the loser wins. The table has been overengineered.

"Well, this is the situation," the M.C. announces. "The referee is going to have to call this. Our table is not quite perfected yet. All right, here we go. Here we go . . . everything's upright."



The names of the contestants that follow are lost in a blur of speed and sound-system distortion. During three hours of sweaty competition, names, weights and places take on a poetry of their own:

Bill Walmsley, 224 pounds from Danismuir, Calif.

Randy Petrin, 228 pounds from San Rafael, Calif.

George Wittmann, 217 pounds from the Windy City.

Bob Ezra, 212 pounds from Los Angeles.

Eugene Piel, 229 pounds from Petaluma.

Suddenly M.C. Payne rushes to the apron of the stage, lectures there precariously, peers squint-eyed toward the rear of the auditorium. There is an uneasy silence as the customers wait to learn what it is Payne sees out there in the blackness. A few strain, twisting around in their seats.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Payne finally shouts. "I understand that from out of the comic strip *Peanuts*, a good friend of ours has come tonight because he has heard there is a young man here who is bigger than anyone else, and he's gonna challenge him—it's Snoopy!" The crowd relaxes, applauds, whistles. It isn't trouble after all. "Where are ya, Snoopy?" Payne cries as he searches the gloom. "Here he comes! Snoopy, himself, ladies and gentlemen!" Fanfare.

Snoopy himself enters, looking pregnant in a white plush Snoopy suit, escorted by the First Fighter Wing of Hamilton Air Force Base. He is matched against Homer Kearn, a Hawaiian who was heavyweight runner-up last year, a human garden wearing a flowered sport shirt and less around his massive neck. Snoopy wins—as everyone expected. But losing to a dog does not appear to bother Homer. Later in the evening he loses to a human and stands sad and wet-eyed, weeping into the crook of his 24-inch arm. He blames his loss on the new "improved" table.

M.C. Payne works up another enthusiastic introduction for the women's wrist-wrestling matches. There are six

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contestants. "Tonight I believe we have here one of the finest collections of young ladies in the world," Payne says. The finest collection of young ladies brings on pandemonium. It is as if the hall were filled with gold prospectors on their first day in town after a year in a gulch. "I'm sure you'll agree after you see 'em perform . . . Martha Lutz from Davis University against . . ."

Before the contest Martha explained how she took up the sport: "I was in the gymnasium at the University of California at Davis and saw a notice about Levi's Intercollegiate Championship in wrist wrestling. Actually my first reaction was that it was the stupidest thing I'd ever heard of. I mean, what woman would want to be introduced as the Intercollegiate Champion of Wrist Wrestling? But then I got thinking. If I lost, so what. Women aren't supposed to be strong. It is a man's sport, so I could just do it for fun."

Martha does not win. Linda Iverson of Boyes Hot Springs, Calif., who is attired in the purple pants suit, does. She beats Kathy Anderson, a chunky, long-haired blonde from Petaluma. The girls, winners and losers, shake hands. Male chauvinists take note. A tough-looking guy in the audience says: "I'd rather see a breast contest." He lights a cigar and glances around to see whether his remark has been heard.

The feverish hubbub continues to the very end of the evening—noise comparable to a rock concert, women shrieking, men urging on their favorites with such epithets as "Tear off his arm!" Finally, the champions are proclaimed and the trophies are presented.

I find my way to the stage to interview the winners while the dew of victory still sparkles on their bracketed brows. The first champion I interview is Jim Pollock, the middleweight who is an insurance executive from Palo Alto, Calif. In three minutes and 10 seconds, the longest, most dramatic match of the evening, Pollock defeated Steven Stanaway, a ship worker from Tabb, Va. Magnanimously Pollock praises Stanaway: "He has to be one of the finest

continued



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and strongest persons I have ever met. He was a great match." Handsome, tan, young, with his lady dangling at his side like a third arm, Pollock explains: "Every day as I shave, I look in the mirror and I say, 'No one can beat you in wrist wrestling, Jim Pollock. You're the champ, and what's more, this year you're gonna earn more than \$200,000 . . . or your name isn't Jim Pollock!'"

Jim Dolcini, brother of Mike and the heavyweight champ, comes forward. He says: "I never hurt my arm, never strained it. It was real easy. I have an 18-inch arm. I don't need a bigger one. I don't work with weights. Got my arm



with just a little farm work and a lot of Jersey milk."

Bill Rhodes, the Colossus, is again lightweight runner-up. Back in his cowboy boots, jeans and silver-buckled belt and feeling pretty low, he stands to one side of the stage, away from the crowd of well-wishers. He is held in the arms of his petite girl friend. She can barely reach around him. The sports editor of the *Argus-Courier* interrupts us to introduce Mike Dolcini, who once again has defeated Rhodes. Mike's face takes on a superseriousness as he tells about his victory. He is accompanied by a retinue of hangers-on to urge him to hurry up. They are on their way to celebrate, to get drunk and let down their too-short hair.

At the conclusion of the championship, Petaluma celebrates. Some people go to private parties, others to the Hide Away, a popular bar where the walls

are decorated with hundreds of pictures of Columnist Soberanes posing with the famous and the infamous: Jayne Mansfield, Teddy Kennedy, Candy Cane, Aldous Huxley, Stokely Carmichael, Peg Leg Lucich. Soberanes claims that he has had his picture taken with 35,000 people.

At the Petaluma Inn there is a party in progress in Bill Rhodes' room. Sterilized motel glasses, now half amber with drink, clink together toast after toast. Bill pours a drink; someone tells him he should have won, that he seemed to have Dolcini at one point in the match. He agrees: "Why, why did I let him go? I had him, but I let him go. Why?" Bill thinks awhile then says: "It was during intermission, just before the finals. I was talking to my dad. I was very excited about my chances. I was holding my arm up, milking the bad blood out so that the good blood could come in. You know, the muscles get gorged after a few contests. My dad acted kind of unenthused. He turned and walked away from me. Right there, right then and there I felt as if all the air had been let out of me. I entered my mind that my dad did not want me to win, and for some reason I cannot go against him." He pauses, shrugs, then adds: "Anyway, I know where I am No. 1." He nods toward his girl, reclining on a bed. She smiles.

The 10th World Wrist-Wrestling Championship will be held in Petaluma on May 14, 1971. And once again the roar of the crowd will press its favorites on to victory. Petalumans say that wrist wrestling is infectious, and that it threatens to become epidemic and that the only cure for it is to do it. Images appear: droves of people wrist wrestling as they float down the Petaluma River; the Dairy Princess, poised and charming as she shoves her crown out of the way to wrestle the Egg Queen; mothers across the land competing over ironing boards instead of taking coffee breaks; first-graders locking grubby fists in city playgrounds as their teachers and peers cheer them on. This could become the isolation ward of the nation.

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They Kicked Off the Cold War

The 1945 British-U.S.S.R. soccer matches were meant to generate goodwill. They came out like Pearl Harbor **by GEOFFREY BOCCA**

By the end of 1946, Stalin, Molotov, Gromyko and a flurry of vetoes in the U.N. Security Council had established the cold war as a fact among all but the most sanguine observers of the world scene. And surely the ensuing 2½ decades of acrimony between East and West are traceable to those early disputes over Berlin, Austria and the other loose ends of global conflict. Surely.

Still, Lord Chesterfield warned us against "the custom of profound historians who always assign deep causes for great events," and if students of this era will glance back just a bit further they might find that the cold war actually began with a blast from a referee's whistle and a foot planted squarely into a soccer ball on a cold and dismal October afternoon in 1945 in southwest London.

In the beginning, the intention in bringing a Soviet soccer contingent to England had been quite benign. The notion had been to solidify the friendship and goodwill that grew from battle against a common foe. And the Russians, in accepting the English Football Association's invitation shortly after V-J Day, seemed to share the spirit. But when, two weeks after their arrival, the Moscow *Dinamos* left London for home, they did so in sullen silence.

In that fortnight they had played four games, winning two, tying two and scoring 19 goals to their opponents' nine. But if their record was notable, their comportment was not—except for its surliness. They began by refusing to talk to reporters at the airport or sign the autograph books of English schoolboys. They insisted on their own food and their own referee. They refused to speak to the interpreter assigned to them by the Foreign Office. They insulted England's most prestigious manager and finally they cut the trip short—picking up the ball, as it were, and going home. In the meantime, they had played some glorious, historic soccer.

The day of the Russians' arrival was inauspicious. London was at its most Dickensian, much of it in ruins from the bombings and rocket attacks. Everything was in short supply, including coal to heat the homes. Food rationing was even more severe than during the war. National morale had never been lower. To further deepen the gloom, the weather turned dank, foggy and chilling. Accommodations, like everything else

that grim autumn, were tight, but the authorities found beds for the visiting Russian team at the Wellington Barracks, home of the Guards. The Russians arrived on schedule but did not want to hear the reception speech, being hustled instead to a waiting bus by Soviet Embassy officials. Along with their baggage, the *Dinamos* were loaded down with food—canned goods, fresh fruit, loaves of bread. Despite all the nourishment, they looked thin and pale, anything but athletic, and their haircuts were dreadful. They showed they had manners to match when they immediately set up a howl over their quarters.

Next morning they began their training at a local ground. Three or four practice balls were thrown out to them. Again they protested. For a party of 14, they said through their lady interpreter, they needed 14 balls. "We don't have 14 balls," the dismayed British protested. "And we don't know where to find them. There's been a war on, y'know." The Russians were implacable, however, and somehow the balls were found.

Public curiosity about the strange guests increased daily. As a result, their suspicion became legend. Vladimir Sinyavsky, the team's radio commentator, explained it later to a Russian magazine. "We were met according to English fashion," he wrote, "rather dryly, without flags, music or flowers. Officials of the British Association coldly shook our hands and then threw us to the journalists to be torn to pieces."

What the British never realized was that the Russians were genuinely shocked at their reception. In the Soviet Union they were considered privileged personages, like ballet dancers. They had even been draft exempt throughout the war, being used instead to entertain with exhibition matches. Such a thing would have been inconceivable to the British.

The first game of the tour was against Chelsea. Chelsea teams, historically,

have played as though they were embarrassed to be on the field. They were a vaudeville joke, like the old Brooklyn Dodgers and the early Mets. (Today they play as the Mets do today—give or take a good year from Tom Seaver—but this was 1945.) Excitement was intense for the Chelsea match. Eighty thousand people stormed the Stamford Bridge Stadium, even spilling onto the sidelines.

It was the British custom for the two teams to come out with a soccer ball each and loosen up at each end by taking a few shots at the goalkeeper. But the *Dinamos* did nothing that was expected of them. The 11 players, clad in somewhat dingy blue, came out early with several balls and streamed all over the field, doing calisthenics and playing tricks with the balls. Then they all ran off again.

Chelsea, which usually played in royal blue, deferred to the visitors and emerged tactfully clad in red. A few minutes later the *Dinamos* appeared again, this time without any ball but each man with a posy of flowers, which he presented to his opposite number. The Chelsea players smirked and turned a color to match their shirts, and the crowd roared. This promised to be fun.

For the first few minutes of the game the Russians were clearly disconcerted by the noise and rowdiness of the crowd. Small boys, pushed to the front, sat with their feet almost on the pitch, and Chelsea took advantage of the Russian lapse by scoring twice. But then the Russian revelation began.

As with most sports fans, soccer buffs tend to think of their sport's golden age as in the distant past. In English soccer the golden age had come in the first decade of this century, when Britannia ruled the game with a dazzling, aggressive style of play. But between the wars the game in England (though not in Scotland) became increasingly technical and defensive, a match of reinforced defense with

continued

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only three sharpshooters up front looking for a breakaway. What 80,000 Englishmen in Stamford Bridge Stadium now saw, as the Russian team took control, was like a reincarnation of the old-style soccer—open, flowing, moving always into intricate and daring attacks. Old-timers in the crowd smiled and nudged younger companions. "That," they said, "is how we played the game." The Russians, bless them, hadn't learned a thing since 1914, and now the youngsters could appreciate what their fathers had been talking about all these years.

Despite the Russian style Chelsea somehow led 2-0 at halftime. But in the second half the Russians swept through them to score twice. Chelsea fought back desperately and, thanks to the genius of their two great stars, Bobby Walker and Tommy Lawton, took the lead 3-2. The Russians scored last, and the game ended 3-3. By the next morning all Britain was aware that soccer would never be the same again and that England could no longer look disparagingly on "foreigners." No less important, British boys for the first time in history had foreign idols to worship: the flying forward, Kharisov, and the acrobatic, crowd-pleasing goalkeeper, "Tiger" Khomich.

The Dynamos went to play Cardiff, a third-division team roughly equivalent to a Triple-A team in American baseball. The Russians smashed the inexperienced and part-time Welshmen 10-1. The Chelsea experience was no optical illusion. The Russians were superb.

The next game was in London again, against Arsenal. Arsenal was, and still is, the symbol to foreigners of English soccer. The parallels between the "Gunners" of London and the "Bombers" of Yankee Stadium is extraordinary at almost every level, from their ups and downs, the animosity and love they engendered, to their stars, Babe Ruth and Wee Alex James, Iron Man Lou Gehrig and Iron Man Ted Drake.

But the war had devastated Arsenal. Even its park, Arsenal Stadium, had been requisitioned. George Allison, the jowly, short-tempered manager, could not even find 11 Arsenal players available. He cast around London to see if any other players were on leave. Ronnie Rooke of Fulham, a powerful but aging center forward, was in town, and so were the great Stanley Matthews and Stan Mortensen of Blackpool. Allison drafted them into the team at the last minute.

The Russians promptly objected. Sinyavsky declared to Moscow by radio that the Dynamos were no longer playing Arsenal, but "All-England." As this statement was repeated in the press and on radio, English public opinion, until now amused by the antics of their rum guests, changed to irritation. Only the English Football Association could pick England. Allison was furious and tension had become fissionable when, on the morning of the game, a pea-souper descended on London, necessitating a merciful postponement. Or so it seemed.

The Russians, to the amazement of all, insisted on playing. Worse still, the Russian referee, Lutychev, tried a famous experiment in umpiring, placing the two linesmen on the one line, while he refereed from the other. The whistle blew, and 22 shadows moved here and there like ghosts in the gloom while press cameras flashed like flame throwers. The referee flagrantly favored his compatriots. Fouls, offside, short-pulling practiced by the Dynamos were ignored, while the slightest Arsenal infringement incurred a whistle. At one point the Dynamos even played with 12 men; one player, apparently injured, was replaced by a substitute, but the injured man stayed on the field and continued to play. The result was Dynamos 4, Arsenal 3.

"The Dynamos have beaten England," Sinyavsky exulted.

That night Arsenal gave a banquet for the Russians at the Covent Garden theater. Allison sat and glowered, issuing comments about his adversaries that never saw the light of print thanks to the censorship policies still in effect. The entire tour had now turned sour. The Dynamos announced that their next game would be their last, and even though several clubs had already printed tickets, no one was sorry.

Meanwhile, some of the wiser soccer critics had noticed something about the visitors. The Russians, who always displayed such pregame vigor, turned out not to be the physical supermen they seemed. Toward the end of the game with Arsenal, some of them were clearly at the end of their tether.

The last game was to be against the Glasgow Rangers. The rivalry between the Protestant Rangers and the Catholic Celts of Glasgow is infamous around the globe today for its riots, drunkenness, hooliganism and bloodshed. Today the Celts are the dominating team, but un-

til six seasons ago they were usually second best to the Rangers. In 1939, if not in 1945, the Rangers were arguably the finest club team in the world (in Britain, unlike the United States, the major competitions were stopped for the war).

The Glaswegians scooped into the Dynamos as though the Russians were the apostles of the Pope himself. A brutal chopping match before nearly 90,000 screaming spectators ended in a 2-2 tie, the Russians frantically packing their goal, the rubber-legged goalkeeper Khomitch saving them time after time from humiliating defeat. They then went home, and a sigh of relief was breathed.

Back in Moscow, the Russians offered their own version of the tour. Chelsea had bought Tommy Lawton for £14,000 in order to beat the Dynamos (Chelsea had indeed bought Lawton from Everton, but before they had ever heard of the Dynamos). George Allison lamented when Arsenal lost because he had made a big bet on them. He ordered the players to heat up Ronnie Rooke for not winning. "Outrageous," Allison burred. "The Foreign Office should protest." A musical called *Nineteen to Nine* was presented in Moscow in which the British footballers were represented as fat capitalists (in 1945!).

The Dynamos' visit had some interesting and lasting social effects in Britain. For millions of workmen there, many of them sympathetic to the Communist experiment, this exposure of Soviet man and manners was a deep disappointment. But the British also knew they had been taught a major lesson in football. The week following the Russians' departure, Queen's Park Rangers experimented with a multitall pregame warmup and with calisthenics. But British players, unlike the Russians, were not given special rations, and the effort so debilitated them that they lost 6-0.

The tour was a watershed for European football, opening the game to international competition and new heights of spectator interest. Paradoxically, the country to benefit least was the Soviet Union. The '50s and '60s were the eras of the glorious Hungarians and then of the stupendous all-white-clad players of Spain's Real Madrid. England won the World Cup in 1966, and Manchester United of England and the Celtics of Scotland have both won the European Cup. But through all these years the Russians have won nothing.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING—Denver Afton led most of the way in the \$86,900 Rebel 400 stock-car race at Darlington, S.C., but the engine in his 1971 Mustang failed on the back straightaway, and **RIKHOY BAKER**, in a Dodge, finished first, averaging 136.673 on the 1 1/2-mile oval.

BASKETBALL—NBA. The Milwaukee Bucks won the seventh game of the Milwaukee Bucks 4-0 in a first period victory, only to be the 1959 Boston Celtics (page 26).

ABA. The race in the West finally was decided in the seventh game as Utah defeated Indiana 108-101. While Utah scored 31 for the winners—24 in the second half—and Bill Keller 33 for the losers. The Pacers came within three points of Utah several times, but a third-period surge by the Stars was decisive. Utah and Kentucky—both second-place finishers in their divisions in the regular season—squared off in the final.

BOATING—Five America's Cup challengers from Britain, Canada and France, meeting in London, agreed to ask the New York Yacht Club to postpone the next defense from 1975 to 1984. This allowed insufficient time to design their new craft with a new hull material, aluminum. The two challenging Australian yachting clubs did not join together.

FOXBORO CHEER, supported by Peter Bowler, was the St. Petersburg-Mexico race on corrected time, double was second.

BOXING—MARVIN JOHNSON of Indianapolis took the National AUSA title in the 178-pound class with the only knockdown of the championships, dropping Hernandez Mayraquin of New York in the first round. **IRVING BORICH** of Boston, Massachusetts, won the heavy-weight title over Ronald Draper of Kansas City.

FLYING—VAN HARVEY of Oklahoma State, flying a rented Cessna 185, won the top pilot trophy in the 21st National Intercollegiate Fly-In and Race (CAAF) Mustang Airport. He was first in pursuit on precision landing and second to DAN JOHNSON of Southern College in reverse landing. **RON GREEN** of St. Jose State won the navigation contest and **ELIZABETH CARROLL** the top women's trophy. The Bendix team championship went to Oklahoma State.

GOLF—FRANK BEARD, in third place after three rounds, then a four-under-par 68 to win the \$125,000 Greater New Orleans Open at the Lakeside Country Club. Beard held 24-over-par, broke Walter Gornby by one stroke with a 216.

LODI PEACE, 37-year-old Wake Forest freshman, became the youngest winner in the 75 years

of the North and South Amateur at Pinehurst, N.C. He was four under par in the final round in his last Walker Cup player Vinty Giles 3 and 4.

HARBOR RACING—WINDY WAY (35 20), driven by Bob Williams, was in command early in the \$37 in the 11-mile \$162,900 Reunion Race at New York's Roosevelt Raceway, finishing 1 1/2 lengths ahead of Colonial.

At Rockingham Park in Salem, N.H., **ALBA-TROPH** (52 00), recently purchased for \$1,250,000, won the 1971 debut impressively. Driven by Stanley Dancer, he captured the \$25,000 Roman Horse over pace by 10 1/2 lengths.

HOCKEY—Montreal clinched its seventh series against Minnesota with 4-1, 3-2 victories to make the Stanley Cup final round for a record 21st time. Omer did. The Canadiens will meet Chicago, which earned six berths in seven rugged games with New York. The series opened with the Black Hawks winning 3-2 in overtime. Vic Stasiulis and Rod Selinger scored for the Rangers and Pat Stapleton and Chico Maki for Chicago in the first two periods. Some spectacular action by Ed Casebeer kept the third period scoreless and Bobby Hull's goal in overtime ended the game. Two nights later the Rangers scored to victory in a four-hour, 23-minute game, won in the third overtime by Pete Stohrer. Finally Chicago scored the conclusive victory in another close one. With the score tied 2-2, Bobby Hull cracked a goal in following a face-off. The Rangers struggled throughout the third period to tie it or regain it, but Chicago's Chico Maki scored an opening goal and the game ended 4-2.

HORSE RACING—CANONERO II (519 40), ridden by Gerardo Ariza, registered a 1 1/2-length victory, took John French to the 97th running of the Kentucky Derby (page 26).

SILENT BULLY (540) won the 97th running of the 364,850 Kentucky Oaks at Churchill Downs by half a length after a steam-strut battle with Grifflin.

ANNUAL MEETING—defeated favored Chapel Street by three lengths in was the 40th running of the Virginia Gold Cup. The American Thoroughbred 3f made the winner in 8 2/7, for his seventh cup victory.

LACROSSE—In games played in the recent Baltimore area, ARMY upset Maryland 16-7. NAVY edged DePaul 8-5 and JOHNS HOPKINS crushed Rutgers 21-9.

ROWING—NAVY upset previously unbeaten Harvard and Penn to win the Adams Cup on the Severn River at Annapolis, Md.

SWIMMING—SHANE GOULD, 14, of Australia, bettered the world record for the women's 200-meter freestyle in 2:06.73 at a tournament in London. Miss Gould's time shaded Debbie Meyer's 1968 world freestyle record of 2:07.9 set by her own brother, Dave Fraser. Another Aussie, **KAREN MORRIS**, 16, with a 4:22.8, broke the world record of 24 1/2 held by Miss Meyer in the same distance freestyle. In team standings Australia defeated the U.S. by one point, with Canada following third.

TENNIS—MRS. BILLIE JEAN KING, using a neck brace because of her crippling rheumatoid arthritis, recovered after losing the first set to win the San Diego women's open 4-6, 7-5, 6-4.

EVGONNE GOOLAGGING of Australia was the women's title in the Barbara Ross tournament at Sutton, England, scoring a 3-5, 2-6, 4-3 victory over Roger Williams, ranked fourth in Britain, who had beaten her three times last season.

In the Paris International open STAN SMITH of the U.S. and JILL LISA HOPK of West Germany were the winners in singles play. Jimmy topped François Jauffret of France 4-2, 6-4, 7-5, 6-2. Fred had beat Smith Africa 4-6, 6-2, 6-1.

MILWAUKEE—HOSPITALIZED, WILLIS REID, captain of the recently defeated New York Knicks, threatened, after surgery for tendinitis about the left knee.

PROPOSED—A boyman of the 1972 Winter Olympics in Sapporo, Japan, by Mr. Akira Shinozaki (France, Austria, Italy, West Germany, Yugoslavia) was the winner in singles play. Jimmy topped François Jauffret of France 4-2, 6-4, 7-5, 6-2.

QUIT—CURT FLOOD of the Washington Senators, who has been challenging the legality of baseball's reserve clause, saying "only serious political problems." He was hitting only .200 in 12 games this season.

REIGNED—As general manager and coach of the St. Louis Blues, SCOTTY BOWMAN, who had been with the team since its beginnings, first season ago.

REIGNED—JOHNNY DIE, headball coach at Notre Dame for seven years, to return to his. Don't say practice. Die's Irish had won 28 games or more the last four years and had gone to the first season undefeated.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



CAROL ANN RUDD, 14, of Waterford, Wash., completed her second undefeated sled-dog racing season. Sharing honors was her team of three Alaskan Huskies, led by Judy. In the Pacific Northwest Championships she achieved a 73 1/2-mile best record of 14:26.



GEROME LIEBERBERG of Western Michigan University set a new NCAA 3,000-meter steeplechase record of 8:37.7, breaking the previous mark of six seconds at the Dogwood Relays in Knoxville, Tenn. His time was the fastest ever by a U.S. collegian.



DEENA DEARDURFF, 14, of Westport Junior High in Cincinnati, won the 100-yard butterfly in the AAU Short Course Indoor Championships in U.S. record time (for women) of 57.06, thus clinching a spot on the U.S. team for the Pan-American Games in August.



EMILE BOSSDOW, 6'4", 17-year-old South African high jumper, Foxbury-bopped to 7'2" at the National Athletic Championships in Pretoria. His jump set a new record for the continent and places him among the world's top 10 high jumpers for 1971.



WALLY NAGAO, 30, became the first Hawaiian to shoot a perfect score in an official archery tournament. He scored 360 with 112 consecutive bull's-eyes in the brackets round event of an Armed Forces tournament near Honolulu. He shot at distances as far as 70 yards.



BOB CALDWELL, a junior at Trotwood-Madison (Ohio) High, made a hole in one on the 136-yard par-3 4th hole at the River Bend Golf Course in West Carrollton and went on to a school record of 34 on the par-36 from nine, despite a double bogey on the first hole.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HAPPY?

Sirs:

Happy Chandler's article (*How I Jumped from Clean Politics into Dirty Baseball*, April 26 and May 3) was of real interest to me. I have followed baseball for more than 50 years and I can agree with several of his conjectures about the future of the game.

He might be correct in his statement that if Denny McLain had been privately disciplined before his troubles became public knowledge, the fellow might not have become involved to the extent that he did. However, there is another thing to consider. Some people, unfortunately, think that they cannot fit into any logical operation of rules and regulations. They want to set their own rules and do as they see fit and forget about baseball or anyone affected other than themselves.

I do agree that baseball has suffered from a lack of strong leadership and that, probably, management has swung an ax over the commissioner's office. I agree that Ford Frick was a total washout. The worst possible choice was Bowie Kuhn, a New York corporation lawyer with no record of administrative ability, a man who would probably ask a consensus vote if he were asked the time of day. In fact, as a baseball commissioner he is simply impossible.

Since I am so smart, you might ask me who I think would qualify for the job. One man I have in mind would probably be superior: Bill Veck. He knows baseball. He has been on both sides of the desk, and I think he is absolutely honest and fearless. He would be a strong commissioner and not a yes-man.

His chances? Absolutely none. Baseball is sort of like government bureaucracy. If you want a job done, pick out the most inept individual, give him a big salary and tell him to keep his mouth shut.

GEORGE KIRO

Midland, Texas

Sirs:

Thank for you publishing A. B. (Happy) Chandler's account of himself. It has taught me the true meaning of sour grapes.

WILLIAM O. DANENYCH

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I didn't know that God was ever commissioner of baseball. My condolences to the martyred Mr. Chandler.

JOHN SCHLES

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

You have got to be kidding! The best way to appreciate the "cleanliness" of Kes-

tucky politics is to live here for a year—Mayor Daley would look like a saint.

THOMAS J. GREENLESE

Lexington, Ky.

Sirs:

Chandler is critical of baseball because "money is favored above all else." Do I detect a bit of hypocrisy when Chandler gives as one of his reasons for taking the job of commissioner the \$40,000 difference in salary over that of a U.S. Senator?

Concerning the breaking of the color line in baseball, I wonder what Chandler's reasons were for such statements as, "Robinson didn't always help much because he had a little bit of a chip on his shoulder," and "Robinson never had a disposition for humbleness." And what was his reasoning behind the threat of taking Robinson out of the lineup in a World Series game just because he criticized a strike call by the umpire? I wonder how many other players were treated in the same manner. Or did no one else ever criticize an umpire's decision while Chandler was commissioner?

RICHARD T. HOGAN

Salem, N.J.

Sirs:

Congratulations! The article by and about Happy Chandler was very informative at all levels. It sounds like Mr. Chandler has no respect for the do-nothing *crabs* before and after his reign.

Chandler did help the underpaid umpires of that era, and he tried to protect all aspects of baseball.

CRAIG BRIDEN

Marblehead, Mass.

SHORT STORY

Sirs:

Your article *Hot Points* (*Right Next to the Hockey Sticks*) (April 26) gives evidence that the women's liberation movement is quickly invading the previously masculine sports world. It also proves to all girl watchers that any woman looks sevier in sports shorts than Walt Chamberlain, Jim Ryan or any other male participant, except maybe for Pete Maravich of the Atlanta Hawks. (Pistol has to be tops in something, especially after losing the NBA Rookie of the Year award to two no-names.) Anyway, your article was very informative and enjoyable, even in its brief form.

STEPHEN J. KOCHIS

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

BIG GAME

Sirs:

I must take exception to the statement in Virginia Kraft's article *On the Horns of a*

Dilemma (April 26) that taxidermist-guide Gary Swanson's hunting clients, being respected members of their communities, would normally no more consider cheating in sport than they would in their business and professional lives.

I suggest that sports activities reflect the true character of a man, especially in this case where the men involved obviously felt that no one would be the wiser. My advice to people who do business with the likes of Swanson's "respected members of their communities" is beware!

JOAN P. COLEMAN

Newport Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

I believe I have a solution to the problem of big-game-hunter credibility that should also serve to curtail the current murders of the best and biggest specimens of threatened species. Simply add a 27th species to the list of American big game, namely, the big-game hunter himself. These sports could then hunt one another.

The hunters' names could be added to a list of trophies according to one of two criteria: (1) the number of the big-game animals they have killed, or (2) the number of times they have been found guilty of poaching threatened species. Just to keep it interesting, the successful hunter could be credited with all of his victim's big kills.

The prestige of being able to point to the stuffed and mounted head of a rival hanging over the fireplace ought to more than make up for any small inconveniences entailed in the implementation of my suggestion.

JUDITH MOLINARO

Brookline, Mass.

PUBLIC LAND LORE

Sirs:

First, I would like to thank you for your continuing support in the fight to preserve our environment. I was especially impressed with your latest contribution (*When a Law Fights a Law*, April 26).

The problem of allowing mining interests to exploit our public lands is also prevalent in California. A friend of mine, who is an ranger in the Emigrant Basin Primitive Area (north of Yosemite National Park), has told me that many of the mining claims on which cabins are located are used more for summer recreation than actual mining purposes. In the John Muir Wilderness Area, where I am a wilderness ranger during the summer, roads are built in a few areas to provide access to mining claims.

According to the Wilderness Act of 1964, mining claims will continue to be allowed in Wilderness Areas until 1983. Then, how-

ever, will not affect the lands administered by the U.S. Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management that are not included in the Wilderness System.

We must not close off all of our public land to mineral exploration and mining; this would not be practical. However, lands with high recreational appeal and/or potential should not be cluttered with mining claims. The same reasoning applies to wildlife refuges. The Mining Law of 1872 is archaic. I hope your readers will join with me in writing our Congressmen in support of Moerns Udall's bill to revise it.

Jon W. Serrus

Long Beach, Calif

Sirs:

As an individual who is directly involved in mineral exploration for various mining companies and one who is also concerned with environmental conservation, I believe Bill Gilbert's criticisms of the mining laws and their resulting evils are highly exaggerated. The mining laws are in no way perfect, nor have all past mining operations been conducted in a manner conducive to the preservation of natural features. But I think most of the excesses described by Mr. Gilbert are prevented either by the allegedly "soft" mining laws or by simple economics.

As Gilbert pointed out, an annual expenditure of \$100 (on valid exploration work) is required to hold each 20-acre mining claim. It is therefore prohibitively expensive to hold large numbers of claims for long periods of time, unless there is economic ore in the ground. Most companies will carry out the minimum amount of work (geological mapping, geophysical surveys, drilling, etc.) to prove or disprove an economic mineral deposit, and will relinquish their claims as soon as a negative test is made. Such preliminary exploration is not likely to despoil the areas.

Also, because of the extremely large investments necessary to initiate most mining operations, mining companies would not, as a normal practice, initiate production without first securing patents, which is not easy. Economic mineralization must first be proven, and economic mineral deposits are extremely rare.

In the rare instances when commercial mineral deposits are proven and patents secured there is undoubtedly some danger of environmental despoliation when actual exploitation is initiated. But even then the despoliation would be restricted to small areas since mineral deposits do not generally occupy vast areas. Furthermore, it has been my experience that most major mining concerns will do their best to preserve an area's ecological balance.

Concerning the use of claims for real-estate development or other devious pur-

continued

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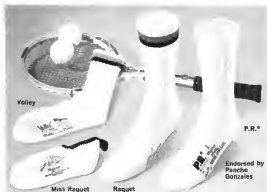
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10TH HOLE *continued*

posed, there have undoubtedly been isolated cases of this type, but in the many thousands of mining claims I have examined throughout the Western U.S., I have never encountered one.

Mr. Gilbert did mention one interesting point, the fact that South American nations have been shutting off their mineral deposits to U.S. companies. It is becoming increasingly apparent that the U.S. is going to have to depend more and more on domestic supplies of metals as well as energy sources. I can say with authority that sufficient supplies of these critical materials are going to be extremely difficult to discover, and if we are prevented from developing our domestic mineral supplies, it will be impossible to maintain our civilization as we know it. In my opinion it is highly unlikely that a large population such as ours could survive in a primitive civilization.

M. A. KAUFMAN

Perry, Knos, Kaufman, Inc.

Spokane, Wash.

Sirs:

Congratulations. Articles such as this meet the urgent need for specific information about environmental abuses, as opposed to the platitudes normally encountered. The sooner the citizens of this country realize that the federal agencies are usually the servants of large corporations, the sooner it may be possible to actually do something in the environmental area.

JOHN H. DAVIES JR.

Cherry Chase, Md.

CORNHUSKER ARITHMETIC

Sirs:

I was astounded to read your SCOUTER column ("Signals Over," April 19) concerning the 1971 University of Nebraska football team. We do have 14 returning starters, but what you have failed to realize is that the Cornhuskers have two great starting quarterbacks but use only one at a time—depending on their performance records and Coach Bob Devaney's intuition. It would be misleading, however, to claim both on a platoon at the same time, and it is for this reason that we lost six offensive starters and seven defensive starters.

We realize that this is confusing, and we do plead guilty to practicing some new math. After all, in 1970 the Cornhuskers proved that $11 + 0 + 1 = 1$, and even yone from Coach Devaney to the student manager is figuring that $6 + 7 = 14 = 1$ will prove out in 1971.

DON BRANN

Sports Information Director
University of Nebraska

Lincoln, Neb.

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